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The Laurels *of the* Brave

By Marie Corelli

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SHE was a thin, tall, "willowy" woman, long-necked, auburn-haired ("Titian Gloire" her *coiffeur* called it on the bottle) and dark-eyed, with a carefully got-up complexion, and an expensive way of wearing her clothes. She never paid less than thirty guineas for a "plain" morning gown and ten guineas for a "simple" hat. The prices of the various other articles of her attire may thus, by these little items, be dimly guessed at.

Whenever she moved, shook her silk skirts, or played with her handkerchief, a faint odor was exhaled from her person, an odor supposed to be "violets," but more like the last trail of a muskrat. She passed for being very romantic and *spirituelle*, owing to a trick she had of clasping her hands and looking up at the sky or the ceiling in a sudden dumb ecstasy. She would do this, often without warning, in the middle of an ordinary commonplace conversation, greatly disconcerting every one else who happened to be present. Good-natured people said it was her "soul-forces" that got too strong for her on these occasions; others shook their heads darkly and hinted that she had "too much brain." As a matter of fact, however, neither soul-forces nor brain power were concerned in her composition, and the rapt pose which she found so effective was the chief stock-in-trade of the leading lady at one of the theatres, from whom she had carefully copied it. Few women studied "histrionic" attitudes as arduously as she did, and the chief object with which she ever attended a play at all was that she might take mental note of the languishing movements, the roll of the painted eyes, and the airs and graces generally of the newest fashionable heroine of the footlights.

Yet with all the trouble she took, and all the nervous excitement she suffered lest any "other" woman of her particular style and contour should turn up and compete with her on her own lines of conquest, she was not so much in the "social swim" as she craved to be. No; there was some fatality about it. She, "the beautiful Mrs. Arteroyd," as she was occasionally called in society paragraphs (she having paid the modest sum of five pounds for this distinction to the enterprising lady-journalist who "arranged" for such special items of interest), was not yet where she fain would be. She had made a poor marriage, or so she considered it. Her husband was only a Colonel in the British Army—just a man with a V. C.

Other women, older and plainer, had "caught" or bought real live Russian Princes. They—the said Princes—had not any V. C., but then their wives were Princesses, and went everywhere, and everybody said: "There is the Princess Rumstuffski!" or "How charming the Princess Numskulliskoff is looking!" Why was she not a Princess Rumstuffski? Why had an unkind Fate elected her to be the wife of a mere British officer, with a V. C. won in the prime of his manhood? And with absolutely no fortune! Though, when she first fell in love with him she had considered him very well off, and herself very lucky. He was the only son of a saving father, who had left him an income of about three thousand a year, the result of capital soundly and safely invested. But what was three thousand a year to a "*spirituelle*" creature of super-sensitive intelligence? Nothing!—absolutely nothing! Especially at such a time as the present, when excessive, ostentatious, vulgar, brazen wealth is the only pass-key into what is called "society." Poor Mrs. Arteroyd! She had tried all sorts of ways to obtain a firm footing on that slippery ladder which, like the magic beanstalk of the fairy tale, is supposed to lead aspiring Jacks and Jills to that mysterious region entitled "the Upper Ten" and "the top of the tree," but what success she had won was too perilously like failure to be altogether gratifying.

Sitting in her cosy boudoir she thought it all over, the while she read the morning newspapers sulkily—they were full of war news—nothing but war! war! war! How sick she was of the war! How tired of all the deaths and wounds and blunders and casualties and botherments generally! She skimmed quickly through the list of "killed and wounded," just to see whether her husband was among them.

"And I look my worst in black," she commented, as she glanced from name to name of all those included in the terrible "Death Roll of Honor." But no, Colonel John Arteroyd, V. C., was not mentioned as either slain or wounded, or sick of fever; there was no allusion to him anywhere as being in or out of action, and when she had made herself quite sure of this she breathed more freely. There was no occasion for her to "look her worst" just yet.

"Poor old Jack!" she said; "I'm glad he's all right so far! I don't know why I look for his name in the papers at all, I'm sure, for, of course, I should hear direct from the War Office if—if anything had happened. But I daresay he's really as happy as the day is long. He was mad to go to the Transvaal, and now he's there I hope he likes it. He was made for active service."

Her hard brown eyes flashed coldly up and down the columns of news again, like sharp bits of steel getting ready to cut through the insensible paper; what a number of extraordinary things were being associated with the war, she thought; and what an exceptionally "good time" some of the "leaders" of society were making for themselves out of "Tommy Atkins!"

"Fancy!" she suddenly exclaimed, as she caught sight of a paragraph placed prominently among other items of "court and society gossip." "There's that horrible little fat woman, the Marquise Dégagée, pushing herself everywhere, all because she's getting up a Babies' Fund! What an idea! 'To provide feeding-bottles and perambulators for all infants under twelve months whose fathers are at the front!' And she's going to have a 'Royal Fancye Faire' for *that!*"

In her excitement she jumped up and went to the window to read the objectionable announcement over again.

"Not a mention of Me anywhere!" she said, with a pettish stamp of her foot. "It's too bad! And I'm sure the woman who writes these things actually lives on me. Drops in to lunch, makes me ask her to dinner, takes me to dressmakers, who, of course, pay *her* for bringing *me*, and yet with all my good nature she isn't a bit grateful—she does nothing for me. The fact is, I must do something for myself. But what shall it be?"

She sat down—or rather she "dropped" languidly into a chair with that particular scented rustle of herself which she had long practiced and loved—and meditated. Taking up one of the fashionable weeklies which cater especially to the feminine world, her brows puckered vexedly as on its first page she saw the idealized picture of a lady with a turned-up nose and a tiara, labeled "The Marquise Dégagée," and read the following interesting article:

TOMMY'S BABY

The Marquise Dégagée, who is such a well-known favorite in aristocratic circles ("What a lie!" ejaculated Mrs. Arteroyd. "She was never heard of till last season when Lady Pawpurse started 'running' her!"), is organizing a charming "Fancye Faire," which will take place in the rooms of the Hotel Beaumonde early next month. The object of the festival is to raise an "Infants' Fund," which will provide feeding-bottles, bone-rings, teething-pads and other necessaries, including perambulators, for all infants under twelve months whose fathers are at the front. Royalty, always ready whenever a kind action is concerned, has extended its gracious patronage to the function, and Herr Bankumopf, violinist to His Serene Highness Prince Dummer-Esel, will give his valuable services to the entertainment gratuitously. He has graciously signified his intention of being present at the opening ceremony. In order not to delay the useful progress of this deserving charity, all mothers in need of feeding-bottles, "prams," and other baby-comforts are requested to send in their names, together with a copy of their marriage certificate and the number of their husbands' regiments, to the honorary secretary, Miss Jane Muddleup, at the residence of the Marquise Dégagée, Belgrave Square. The Marquise Dégagée is, as everybody knows, a true daughter of the old French nobility, and this generous interest of hers in "Tommy's baby" will do much to improve the somewhat strained relations existing just now between France and England. The Marquise has written a touching poem for the occasion, and one of the special features of the "Fancye Faire" will be her own recitation of it, in that pretty broken English which, as hosts of her social friends are aware, makes her conversation so peculiarly charming. We are permitted to produce one verse of this dainty and delicately humorous lyric:

TOMMY'S BÉBÉ

Hélas! Le pauvre bébé!
What will its muzzer do?
It is *sans la bouteille*
Which it suck all ze day through!
Hélas! Le pauvre bébé!
It can do nozing but cry,
For its fazer, ze "Tommy," has gone,
Saying "adieu," by-by!

We must not forget to mention that Messrs. Shrewd & Sly, makers of perambulators to the Royal family, have kindly given one of their "Empire Model Prams" to be raffled for, for the benefit of the fund. Any one sending a postal order for one shilling will receive an elegantly mounted photograph of "Tommy's Pram," together with a beautiful copy, printed in mezzotint, with a specially designed "Art" cover, of the Marquise Dégagée's appealing verses. We recommend the public to lose no time in sending their shillings to Miss Jane Muddleup, who will, as far as possible, attend to each applicant in turn. No loyal mother and mistress of an English home should be without the picture of "Tommy's Pram" and the inspiring lyric of "Tommy's Bébé."

Mrs. Arteroyd gave a short, contemptuous laugh.

"Inspiring lyric! Stuff and rubbish! What absolute gibberish!"

She read the "appealing" stanza again:

Hélas! Le pauvre bébé!
What will its muzzer do?
It is *sans la bouteille*
Which it suck all ze day through!
Hélas! Le pauvre bébé!
It can do nozing but cry,
For its fazer, ze "Tommy," has gone,
Saying "adieu," by-by!

She threw down the journal in a rage—a real rage this time.

"Detestable little cat!" she said. "I can see her at it! Dressed by Worth, of course, and with all her diamonds on, reciting her trash before that ridiculous old Dummer-Esel, who doesn't know the difference between verse and prose—mincing and smirking and giving herself all the airs of a Paris stage soubrette! And Royalty is going to take *her* up, is it? Not if I know it! It shall take me up first!"

Her eyes flashed. She looked at herself in the glass—ran her white fingers through her "Titian Gloire" hair, and pulled it over on either side of her ears till it looked wild and wonderful, opened her eyelids wide, blinked them to note the effect of her long eyelashes, then smiled languishingly at her own reflection and said:

"I will do a poem!"

In this observation she strictly preserved her honesty. She did not say, even to herself, that she would "think" a poem, or "write" a poem. She said she would "do" a poem. And she did. She shut herself up in her room all day and went to work. She happened to have an unusually large collection of music-hall ditties and "soldiers' songs," which had been sung in happier times by her absent husband. She turned these over, perused them carefully, and eliminated "bits" therefrom. It was hard work, but she persevered and, like a child piecing a puzzle together, she fitted in lines and halves of lines until, by dint of close consideration and painstaking study of the music hall "models," she hit out something like a feeble imitation.

She said she would "do" a poem. And she did

And finally, after making herself quite feverish and thirsty with worry and fatigue and the confusion of brain resulting from "variety" ballad-mixtures, she succeeded in

"arranging" the following colloquial and effective stanzas, much to her own satisfaction:

Hullo, Tommy! Wheer ye off to?
I'm a leavin' old England's shore,
I'm ordered on active service
An' mebbe I'll come back no more.
I'm bound to polish off Kruger,
'Twill be a tough job, old pal,
I don't want to give no trouble—
But—just look after my gal!

Refrain—Just look after my gal, will ye?
While I'm frontin' the fire an' the foe—
Like a good old pal, look after my gal,
An' Gawd bless ye wheerever I go!

"That will do as a beginning!" said Mrs. Arteroyd, nibbling anxiously at the pencil with which she had "produced" these lines.

She bit her pencil again and thought, then glanced over a few more music hall songs and went on:

She's a fond an' a lovin' creetur,
Not "on the strength" you bet,
An' 'tis 'ard to be leavin' her lonely,
Though I hopes we'll be married yet.
But there's death lurking down in the kopjes,
And graves in the golden Transvaal—
Never mind! It's for Queen and country—
But—just look after my gal!

Refrain—Just look after my gal, will ye?
While I'm frontin' the fire an' the foe—
Like a good old pal, look after my gal,
An' Gawd bless ye wheerever I go!

Having got thus far, Mrs. Arteroyd paused and considered. She looked at the clock and saw that its hands pointed to five, nearly the time for afternoon tea. And she had been "making verses" ever since mid-day, with only a brief interval for lunch! Her face was hot and feverish, her lips dry, her brain—her brain?—yes, her brain was actually getting "fagged." She knew now what literary geniuses suffer when they overtax their nervous forces.

"Positively I look quite tired!" she said, gazing at herself in the convenient mirror to which she always turned in moments of harassment: "I *have* worked hard! I don't think I'll do any more Tommy-poetry now; I can finish it to-morrow. I'd better go to see Mrs. Long-Adder at once. She's 'off work,' and as sick as she can be of not showing herself. I'm sure she'll be glad of a chance to come forward with 'Tommy's Gal.' 'Tommy's Gal!' That must be the title of the thing, of course! That, and no other!" She wrote it down and smiled at it admiringly. "Isn't it splendid! 'Tommy's Gal!' Won't it just draw! All the idiotic women who have managed to get 'left' by Tommies, civil and military, will cry, that is, if Mrs. Long-Adder can be persuaded to recite it. Oh, she *must* do it! With that peaky face of hers, and monstrous Chinese eyes, and thick wedges of all-colored hair coming over her ears, she will be a *succès d'enthousiasme!* And so shall I!"

Her smile widened into an open dazzle of white teeth, which irritable and unimpressionable persons might have called a triumphant grin, and enveloping herself in a mysterious and wonderful cloak, all frills, old lace and sable-tails, she drove off in a quick hansom to a certain little flat somewhere about Victoria Street, which for the moment was the residence of the heart-enslaving, eye-fascinating caprice of the stage, Mrs. Long-Adder. Much of the charm of this lady consisted in the delicious vagueness and mystery of her surroundings. She came "from America." What part of America she came from did not transpire. She had a husband—somewhere—but who he was, and how he "fixed up" things for himself also did not transpire. Mrs. Long-Adder was by way of being an actress; that is to say, she could not act. She wore gowns, and glided about on the stage in them. London went mad over her. Royalty bent the knee. The Spread Eagle Conqueror, a society journal published in New York, called her "our matchless American beauty," like a new sort of cigarette. And she, who was "not received" in the intelligent circles of American culture, had a distinctly "good time" of it in England. Mrs. Arteroyd found her reclining in a long sofa-chair, or chair-sofa, whatever the piece of "art" furniture may be called, arrayed in a serpentine tea-gown of *diamanté* lace over satin *rayonnant*, and if Mrs. Arteroyd smelt like one muskrat, Mrs. Long-Adder smelt like two. The celebrated stage siren arose as her visitor entered, and extended a white hand, admirably manicured. And then both perfumed ladies embraced—that sisterly embrace of social feeling—in which the one woman looks gracefully over the shoulder of the other and breathes a gentle "Cat!" to the neutral air.

"How sweet of you to come!" murmured Mrs. Long-Adder cooingly. "I have been *so* dull! Alone all day! Such an unusual thing for *me!*"

Mrs. Arteroyd smiled discreetly, but said nothing. Sitting down by the chair-sofa she critically studied the woman, who was reported in club parlance to "have old Dummer-Esel under her thumb."

"Not a bit good-looking, really," she commented inwardly. "It's all her get-up. Put her hair quite plain and dress her like an ordinary respectable matron, and she'll be downright ugly. Two of her front teeth are false, I see—and her skin is simply *covered*—*covered* with that new Paris mixture which 'defies detection.' Her hair is certainly *quite* wonderful—she must have tried all the new tints on it in turn. I suppose it's the Chinese eyes that 'take'—horrid Mongolian thing! Anyway, she's the only person possible for *my* business."

And, forthwith, putting on all her own airs and graces, and talking in softly confidential tones, she plucked out the heart of her mystery at once, and asked Mrs. Long-Adder to recite publicly the "poem" she had written on Tommy's Gal.

Mrs. Long-Adder looked at her in a sort of innocent child-like wonder.

"*You* have written a poem?" she said, with just the faintest unkind emphasis on the pronoun "you."

Mrs. Arteroyd flushed and bit her lip. Then she laughed sweetly.

"Yes. It's so easy, you know, to write about Tommy! Everybody can do it."

Mrs. Long-Adder laughed, too. Not because she was particularly moved to laughter, but because she wanted to show how much more artistic and melodious *her* laugh was in comparison to Mrs. Arteroyd's.

"That is quite true," she said, half closing her "Mongolian" eyes. "And 'Tommy's Gal' is a good title. I like it. Have you the poem with you?"

"Only two verses," answered Mrs. Arteroyd. "I thought it better to see if you liked them before doing any more. But I can easily turn out half a dozen——"

"Oh, no! Please, no. Four will be quite sufficient," said

—*and extended a white hand, admirably manicured*

DRAWN BY HARRISON FISHER

Mrs. Long-Adder. "The public, especially the cultured public, will never stand more than four verses of anything. Let me hear the first two."

Thus adjured, Mrs. Arteroyd began, as stagily as she could:

"Hullo, Tommy! Wheer ye off to?"

And Mrs. Long-Adder lay back among her silken cushions and listened, blinking sleepily through her long, black lashes, the while a faint, half-satiric, half-pleased expression came and went on her face, which certain of her admirers called "so *weirdly* beautiful." Before the second verse was ended she arose up to her full height in a dramatic attitude of inspired resolution, while the satin *rayonnant* and the *diamanté* lace fell around her in sweeping, glorious, glittering folds. She saw her game and was prepared to play it.

"That will do," she said. "Yes, it has every chance of a draw. I think I can manage it."

She moved to and fro, softly and swishingly.

"Yes; finish it." And through the tangles of her hair she smiled a bewildering smile. "There's a bazar going to be held at the Gilded Rooms for the benefit of Tommy next week. I'll offer to recite it there, dressed in khaki."

"You will?" cried Mrs. Arteroyd, rapidly considering how that "weird" lady would look "in khaki," and as rapidly deciding that she must have her own way, anyhow. "You really will! And do you think the Prince——"

"Dummer-Esel? Of course! He will do anything to please me!" said Mrs. Long-Adder. "You may be quite sure *he* will come and hear me. But you know you must give me a hundred guineas for the job."

"Must I?" And Mrs. Arteroyd's face fell a little.

"Why, of course you must! You must pay *me*, and I shall give the money to the Fund. That's how these things are done."

"Oh, very well," said Mrs. Arteroyd hurriedly. "I don't mind——"

"I should think you didn't! It will be a splendid advertisement for you—I mean for your pretty poem! Now, do please go home and finish it as charmingly as you have begun; get it type-written and send it to me at once, with your check. I'll manage all the rest for you! It will be an immense success—simply immense!"

"Do you really think so?" asked Mrs. Arteroyd eagerly, as she arose to go.

"I am sure of it! By the way, your husband is at the front, isn't he?"

"Yes. Jack is somewhere near Ladysmith, I believe."

"Ah! That makes it all the more interesting! Now *do* go home and finish 'Tommy's Gal.' My recitation of it will quite take the color off the Marquise Dégagée's Fancye Faire!"

"Ah-h-h-h!" And Mrs. Arteroyd drew a sharp breath.

Mrs. Long-Adder's Chinese eyes glittered—she laughed.

"I hate that Marquise. Don't you?"

For the moment Mrs. Arteroyd felt that she loved Mrs. Long-Adder. But she was discreet.

"She is very—er—very—er—well—pushing!" she said cautiously.

"Pushing! Oh, that's nothing. I admire push. You *must* push nowadays if you want to be anywhere. But she is so—so *vulgar!* So *very* theatrical in private life! Yes!—your poem is lovely! Good-by, dear. What an exquisite cloak!"

Moved by their mutual detestation of the Marquise Dégagée, these dear women kissed each other again—this time without looking over each other's shoulders, and Mrs. Arteroyd departed in high satisfaction.

In a few days everything was arranged as triumphantly as the most ambitious advertisement seeker could desire. Mrs. Arteroyd finished her "poem" effectively, thus:

I ain't much given to blubberin'
But a somethin' blinded my eye
When that there gal came to the station
Last night to wish me good-by!
An' now 'ere I am at Southampton
Under orders from bloomin' Pall Mall,
An' we sails in a hour for Cape Town—
So—just look after my gal!

Refrain—Just look after my gal, will ye?
While I'm frontin' the fire an' the foe—
Like a good old pal, look after my gal,
An' Gawd bless ye wheerever I go!

If I fall, of course I'll fall fightin'
For the honor an' name of the Flag,
An' I'll only be one of ten thousand
Who'll die for that rummy old rag!
But we're off. Good-by, England! I'll trust ye!
The great British Nation's my pal!
Pass the hat round! and say when I'm done for,
"We'll all look after his gal!"

Refrain—Yes, England, look after my gal, will ye?
While I'm frontin' the fire an' the foe—
Be a faithful pal, and look after my gal,
An' Gawd bless ye wheerever I go!

When Mrs. Long-Adder heard the final verse her delight knew no bounds. She at once saw what capital could be made out of calling "the great British Nation" the "pal" of Tommy Atkins, and giving his "gal" in trust to England. What a point for patriotic pathos! She practiced the inflections of her voice before a mirror.

"Pass the hat around!" This, with commanding fervor, accompanied by the instant action of lifting the hat from the head, and holding it out to the audience. "And say when I'm done for." Tears in the voice here, with a quickly effective droop of the head and a faint gasp. Then with a burst of enthusiasm and tenderness, "We'll all look after his gal!"

"It will go like wildfire," said Mrs. Long-Adder to herself, as she tried on her "khaki" uniform. "Simply like wildfire! That woman Arteroyd is too stupid for anything. She thinks she has worked out a good trick for herself, and so she has, in a way, but she doesn't seem to see one bit what a first-rate business she is starting *me* on!"

And, acting on this resolve, she very soon set the ball rolling. London, like a big child waiting to be amused, arose to the occasion; and the forthcoming bazar at the Gilded Rooms, when "the beautiful Mrs. Long-Adder" would recite "an exquisite poem by the gifted Mrs. Arteroyd, whose gallant husband, Colonel John Arteroyd, V. C., is now fighting for England's glory in South Africa," became the talk of the town. The Marquise Dégagée heard of it, and nearly fainted. The bazar would actually take place before her "Fancye Faire"—before she could have the chance of reciting "Tommy's Bébé" in the presence of His Highness Prince Dummer-Esel! This was an unlooked-for catastrophe. And the strained relations between France and England were not improved by the contretemps. However, there was no help for it, and the deeply-disappointed authoress of "Tommy's Bébé" had to conceal her chagrin under an appearance of indifference when the world of fashion poured into her rooms in the kindly way the world of fashion has, and told her of her triumphant rival, of the splendor of the preparations at the Gilded Rooms; how "poor old Dummer-Esel" was really quite off his head with excitement; what interest he was taking in the affair! How Her Highness of Gottdenken was going! How the Countess of Tiddlywinks would be there! How the Duchess of Gloriosa would have a stall!

How that delightful dancer would assist in the selling of cigarettes—and Mrs. Long-Adder!—oh, yes! Mrs. Long-Adder's recitation would be "the thing of the day!"

"And Mrs. Arteroyd," said the breathless gossips, "is simply wonderful! *She* wrote the poem that Mrs. Long-Adder is to recite!—fancy that! And that poor man of hers at the front! And she's got a gown from Paris that's perfectly gorgeous! And I know the man who does her coiffure, and he told me the other day that he was sure she was going to be a social favorite, as she had just bought three new tails of hair! Think of that!—three new tails! And such a gown! My dear, it makes one's mouth water! And where she gets the money, heaven knows! For that poor man at the front has only got three thousand a year!"

"He may be dead by this time!" said the Marquise with a pretty little shudder. "Poor ting! He may be dead!"

For a moment there was silence. The crowd of fashionable chatterers felt distinctly uncomfortable.

The Marquise smiled; she had made an effect, and she was pleased.

"Yes, he may be dead!" she repeated. "And if ze news come while ze bazar go on, *hélas!* Come and have some tea!"

The noisy voices and laughter broke out again. The sudden spell of horror was dispersed. And a week later the society throng rushed to the Bazar at the Gilded Rooms, to see and to be seen, to watch Prince Dummer-Esel with slavish zeal, to criticise the lovely Mrs. Long-Adder, and to congratulate Mrs. Arteroyd on "Tommy's Gal." And truly Mrs. Arteroyd was in her glory. She was quite clever enough to perceive that Mrs. Long-Adder meant to make capital for herself out of the business, and she had previously determined that having paid a hundred guineas to be "talked about," talked about she would be. And she spared no pains to win her object. Her dress was a "creation" of some wonderful clinging stuff of delicate amber shades softly interwoven, impressing the eye with the suggestion of early primroses, and it fitted like a glove. Men said—poor, dear, deluded men!—"A fine figure of a woman!" And women eyed her with that casual contempt which is the greatest compliment ill-dressed dames can pay to a well-dressed one. When presented to Prince Dummer-Esel she curtsied with a fine carelessness, and gave him an upward smile of childlike, questioning innocence.

"We are going to give you a wreath of laurels, Mrs. Arteroyd," he graciously observed. "He—he—he—ha—ha! We are going to present you with the symbol of fame!—ha—ha! Pretty idea, isn't it?—he—he! Mrs. Long-Adder suggested it—ha—ha—woman of ideas, Mrs. Long-Adder—a woman of ideas! Hum—ha! We shall have a collection for 'Tommy's Gal' in Mrs. Long-Adder's hat after your poem has been recited—in her hat—ha—ha!—the regular South African hat, you know, that goes with the khaki uniform—he—he! I shall put a tenner into the hat—yes!—ha—ha! Mrs. Long-Adder's hat!—he—he—he—he! And instead of a bouquet we shall give you a laurel wreath! You can keep it, you see—he—ha! Hang it up in the drawing-room at home till your husband comes back—ha—ha! He'll have some laurels too, then, I daresay! Got a V. C., has he? Good—good! Yes, very good! Ha—ha!"

And with these royal and distinguished remarks he took his seat in front of the audience, and Mrs. Arteroyd had the satisfaction of being invited to sit beside him. Then there was a flourish of trumpets, a bit of Soldiers of the Queen played by the band, and then—and then, amid a burst of frantic applause, Mrs. Long-Adder stepped upon a platform gorgeous with palms and exotics, and showed herself arrayed in khaki uniform. The plaudits were deafening. Mrs. "Tommy" Long-Adder saluted. Prince Dummer-Esel grew apoplectically crimson with enthusiasm, and she turned one of her Mongolian eyes sideways upon him with a killing brilliancy. Then she began the doggerel lines, "Hullo, Tommy! Wheer ye off to?" reciting them with all the vulgar emphasis of that cheap, forced, sham sentiment which is the only emotional quality that succeeds nowadays in winning the attention of that still more cheap, forced, sham institution known as "smart society."

Away in South Africa, far removed from all "social" hypocrisies, but on the bare, brown veldt, and under the sickening scorch of a pitilessly hot sun, two men, friends and comrades in arms, were exploring the ground together, and anxiously surveying the Boer position. They had made their way cautiously along as extemporized scouts from the British camp to one particular spot which seemed a sheltered coign of vantage, to see if they could form any idea as to the extent of the enemy's defenses. One of them, dark and broad-shouldered, lay flat, chest downward, on the grass, rifle in hand, looking up at his companion, who, tall and fair, and of an imposing figure, stood erect, gazing out far ahead with something of a dreamy expression softening the light of his keen gray eyes.

"I say, Arteroyd, hadn't you better lie low?" said the recumbent man. "You need not make yourself a target for any marksman who may be inclined to try his aim."

"They have ceased firing for the present," and Colonel John Arteroyd, V. C., calmly took out his field-glasses and prepared to adjust them.

"That ridge opposite is deserted."

As he spoke he glanced down at his friend and smiled.

"Jack!" Silence!

"Dandy Ferrers knows how to make himself comfortable, I think, even under possible fire. I shall have to report you at home as a funk. Lie low, indeed! However, you're no safer than I am if a shell comes our way."

Captain James Ferrers, called "Dandy" by all his friends at home, on account of his somewhat curious and capricious taste in neckties, laid down his rifle and took out his cigar case.

"I suppose," he said slowly, as he lit a precious Havana, one of the last he had or would have till he returned to England, if he ever returned, "I suppose you really wouldn't care much? You've got the V. C."

"Yes, I've got the V. C." And Colonel Arteroyd unscrewed and polished his field-glasses with scrupulous attention. "It's the best thing a soldier can have. But it isn't everything."

Dandy Ferrers reddened with a quick sense of compunction.

"No—of course—I forgot—there's your wife——"

Arteroyd looked at him steadfastly.

"Yes, there's *my wife*; and she is the very reason why—as you say—I shouldn't care much."

"Isn't she good to you, old chap?" queried Dandy sympathetically.

Colonel Arteroyd smiled a trifle sadly.

"Good to me? Oh, yes, I suppose so. But—you see—when I married her—I—I loved her. That is what she didn't understand. When a man loves a woman—really loves her, you know——"

Dandy nodded gravely.

"Well, then, he likes to think of her as something altogether sacred; something removed and different to himself. We don't want women to be angels—no—but very near it. I wanted my wife to love me as I loved her—I wanted to feel that she was proud of me, and that if I could do a good thing at any time she would be glad. A sort of giving her my laurels, you know, if I got any. Well—I soon found out she never would be glad that way. She wanted everything I couldn't get. She went in for society. I hate society. I can't smile when I'm told to. I can't tell lies thirteen to the dozen; and unless you can do that sort of thing society doesn't want you. Then our little child—a boy—died when he was two. He was a jolly little chap—he got very fond of me—used to play with my moustache and kiss me with all his little might——" Here Arteroyd paused and put his field-glasses up to his eyes. Dandy Ferrers puffed a big blue ring of cigar smoke up into the burning sky, and thought it likely that the Colonel was not taking a particularly clear "sight" for the moment.

"Yes, that ridge is deserted," resumed Arteroyd coolly; "I thought I saw a moving speck, but I was mistaken. I believe they've got no more ammunition up there."

"Go on with your story," said Ferrers softly.

"Oh, my story! It isn't much of a story, old chap! The little kiddie died, as I said. That rather knocked me up—left me a bit lonely. Then my wife—well, she was all the time anxious to be a great figure in society. I wanted a home; she didn't care about it. She said that housekeeping was a bore, and that she liked hotels better. And I—well, I felt myself rather in her way. So I was glad to be ordered out on active service. You see, I want *her* to be happy—for me, nothing matters."

Ferrers was silent.

"I have often thought," went on Arteroyd musingly, "especially since I've been out here on these great, bare stretches of burnt-up land, without a tree in sight, that death isn't the worst part of life. There's a God somewhere, Dandy!"

"Of course there is!" answered Dandy promptly.

"When all the color and gladness have gone out of the world for a man," said Arteroyd, talking to himself more than to his friend, "when he doesn't see any hope or beauty anywhere, and when the one thing—the best thing of all—love—has failed him, and with it all he's done a bit of service to his country and lived as straight as he can—then I think death is often sent to him just in the nick of time to save him from growing hard, and mean, and bitter, and to take his soul to his Maker while it's fairly clean and sweet."

"Ps——st!" A sharp report, a sudden hiss through the air, a small but vivid flash of flame, a smothered cry——

"Look out, Dandy! Take care of yourself! Good-by!"

And Arteroyd's tall figure, erect a moment before, rolled over and over on the ground, and then lay motionless.

Reckless of all danger for himself, Ferrers rushed to his side.

"Jack!"

Silence! A peaceful smile rested on the lips of his fallen comrade, but no sound came from them—no sound would ever come from them again. Shot straight through the heart, death had been instantaneous, and Ferrers, dropping on his knees by the slain man, broke out sobbing, and was not ashamed of his tears. He cared nothing if the same Boer marksman who had "picked out" one of the Queen's bravest officers with such deadly aim, should make for him as well. Almost he hoped for the same fate, and once or twice looked longingly toward the ridge from whence the fatal bullet had sped. But there was not a creature in sight; whoever it was that had hit his mark so well had retired, apparently satisfied, and the unkind sun blazed fierce and furnace-like through clear and smokeless ether. With the salt drops of sorrow blistering his cheeks, poor Dandy reverently composed the limbs of the dead, and, crossing the yet warm hands upon the breast, unsheathed the sword that had so often flashed aloft in fight, as a signal of courage and of victory, and laid it, hilt heartward, between the stiffening fingers. Then, planting his own rifle upright in the ground to mark and guard the spot till he could return with help to bear the body into camp, he paused:

"Good-by, Jack!" he said hoarsely, and with a simple boyish tenderness he kissed the dead man's forehead. "Good-by! You said you didn't care much—and—considering everything—I don't suppose you did. But you got your V. C.! And God knows you deserved it!"

The same evening that saw the Colonel's body wrapped in a soldier's blanket and committed to a South African grave "the beautiful Mrs. Arteroyd," as she was now admittedly and eagerly entitled, owing to the proud fact of having been seen seated next to His Royal Highness of Dummer-Esel, scored a great social success. Her verses, "Tommy's Gal," were received with hysterical enthusiasm, and the collection made in Mrs. Long-Adder's hat, after the recitation, amounted to two or three hundred pounds. An enterprising newspaper proprietor offered to buy the manuscript and "run it up to auction" for one of the Tommy funds, which offer Mrs. Arteroyd condescendingly accepted. And then a classic wreath of laurels, tied with the English colors, was presented to her by Prince Dummer-Esel himself, with his own royal hands, accompanied by the gracious words:

"You must keep your laurels for your husband, Mrs. Arteroyd! Add them to his V. C.! Ha, ha! Add them to his V. C.!"

It was a proud moment! Expanding with her inward sense of elation, she received the garland with a studied affectation of graceful humility, and curtsied beneath the sunshine of the royal smile. Then, swinging the wreath picturesquely on one arm, she raised her head, flashed her eyes, and glanced around with an air of amused indifference on all the unsuccessful and discomfited women present, and in honey-sweet tones accepted an invitation to a little supper-party at which His Highness of Dummer-Esel, with Mrs. Long-Adder, would be present. But——

Unfortunately there is always a "but." And it most often comes in when it is least wanted. Solomon's lament on the vanity of human wishes is the universal daily moan. And the disappointments which sometimes fall to the lot of society schemers and notoriety hunters almost call for a new Solomon to bewail them. Only two days after her triumph, when "the beautiful Mrs. Arteroyd" was just pleasantly engaged in reading a glowing description of herself and her gown in a pictorial weekly, a telegram, not of the appearance of every-day telegrams, was handed to her. Its envelope was red, of the hue of blood. Her heart gave a sudden leap of fear as she tore it open. Its contents were brief:

"Deeply regret Colonel John Arteroyd, V. C., killed. Ladysmith."

And Colonel John Arteroyd's widow stood rigid and tearless. Her "society" laurels were withered. She would have to "look her worst in black" after all!

The New-Rich Element in New York Society

By Mrs. Burton Harrison

—a curiously shifting show

A MYSTERY apparently insoluble by time lies in the methods employed by rich and previously unknown families to get to the front of observation in New York society.

Every decade sees the establishment among us as fashionables of some who in former years were content to play a very modest part indeed in the social scheme. The parterre boxes at the Metropolitan Opera House are, for example, a curiously shifting show; people who once looked up or down at their occupants from less exalted positions in the house with a respect almost amounting to awe are now preening themselves complacently in this coveted coign of vantage. For it is here that they consider it of supreme importance to be seen in order to fix their social status. The boxes above, the stalls below, are equally comfortable, eminently respectable, but of no value by comparison to the Social Strugglers. One has only to sit among the rank and file of the audience at a performance at the opera to hear with astonishment the talk going on in the *entr'actes* concerning the personality of the sitters in this lowest range of the golden semicircle. If they were born royalties the interest could not be greater in identifying them. The mistakes made in fitting the popular ideals read about in the society columns of the newspapers to the people seen are often supremely funny. There is just the same zeal about it, the same eagerness of interest, the same superiority of the well-informed over the ignorant that may be noted in a crowd watching the great ladies of the British aristocracy go by in their carriages to a Drawing-Room at Buckingham Palace. It seems to be inherent in human nature, this desire to pay homage to the passing show, this reverence for the idol of higher place. Our democracy does not in the least prevent the evil—for evil it is—in a community where the social standards are absolutely superficial and material. And the harm it does is far greater to the youth who are forming their ideas upon it than to mature people who better understand its value.

THE PATIENT WAITERS WITHOUT THE GATES

A parterre box secured from the owners for certain evenings and days of the series of operas does not, however, carry the aspirants very far. A new "great house," built on or just off the Park Lane of Fifth Avenue (on the east side of Central Park) may be reared in the highest style of modern architecture, and decorated within by artists and experts acknowledged to be of the *première classe*. It may hang in its many windows curtains of antique lace of rare and curious web; it may be equipped with a host of well-trained servants; vehicles and horses of correct elegance may every day be marshaled before its portal; but the proprietors still remain outside the pale they long to enter. They patiently come and go like unrecognized spirits. It is pitiful to see their dull and lifeless faces in public. Instead of surrounding themselves with the friends of a lifetime, throwing open their splendid new homes for the entertainment of those who will flock to them with eager homage, they remain in obstinate retirement, sighing for the "unattained, far off and dim" portals of smart society. Truly this weakness, of casting off early acquaintances as soon as the chance presents itself for a step upward on the social ladder, is so common as to be patent to all eyes. And the old friends looking after the Social Strugglers sadly wonder how it can be that they once shared each other's joys and sorrows, and fancied their intimacy was for a lifetime.

But boys—delightful democrats from birth!

Often the siege of society is raised by the persistent occupancy of a dwelling near some fashionable centre of summer life. But one has seen the strugglers, when it is in order for society to remove to Newport, Bar Harbor, Lenox and the like, withdraw obediently into their sumptuous cottages at these resorts, and year after year return to town unvisited. When fashion decrees a flight abroad in the springtime for shopping and sight-seeing in London and Paris, the decks of the great ocean steamers behold them assembled in pomp. They go everywhere, are met everywhere, are known by sight and name, yet are never recognized by the fashionable set.

I don't pretend to say that this is right, or just, or sensible. In our Republic it is even a ridiculous state of things. People who have created their own fortunes and carved their own riches should not exclude their followers. Yet, though among us all have equal rights, some fail in establishing those rights.

GETTING INTO SOCIETY THROUGH THE BACK DOOR

Sometimes the Social Struggler enters American society by way of a foreign country. Abroad, as everybody knows, there is a general density of comprehension as to the grades of our optimacy. Provided the American is good-looking and clever, and able to pay his or her way according to the English standard of necessity in the case, no difficulty is made about mere standing at home. English arms open to the elect and the forsaken of Fifth Avenue alike. With the stamp of a Countess' friendship, or a Prince's attentions at a fashionable Spa on the Continent, the aspirant and her mother return home to find a long-sought place. The marriage of an American girl with a foreign nobleman of distinguished lineage sometimes carries the girl's family in on the crest of the wave at home, whilst she herself remains on the other side of the waters. But the spectacle has been seen of the lady, bearing abroad one of the proudest of titles, coming home to consort with her old acquaintances who are not at all in what is called New York society. It is hardly remarkable that they so rarely do "come home." The whole scheme of their life and associations abroad is so much better and less agitating than it was in their native land. Their place is at last defined for them, and nobody questions it. The people with whom their lot is cast, after once accepting them as equals, make no further sign of inquiry on that point. But "at home" the strife still rages; the issue is still uncertain. An opening wedge that has often proved successful is a charitable enterprise shared with leaders of the coveted set. It must be a stony-hearted manager of a Fund who will refuse to smile upon a persistently generous and helpful giver and worker in her field! And if these things are accomplished in the name of Charity, the poor, the sick, the friendless of our great city have only gratitude to yield for the results.

School children have been observed to bring together their elders, long wavering apart in uncertainty of mutual relation. The friendship conceived by girls for each other is unfortunately, as a rule, most apt to follow in the lines laid down by their elders. One listens in sad surprise sometimes to the chatter of little high-bred maidens, to find that they are perfectly cool and calculating as to whom they must know and cultivate. They visit, invite, give to, and receive from only those children they will wish to know in after years, or whom they consider on the same social plane with themselves. But boys—delightful democrats from birth!—select whom they choose for their comrades and associates. They bring to their homes and demand friendly recognition for the "fellow" who has, at school or in sports, proved himself a thorough man. To such special pleading the mother and sisters do not often turn a deaf ear. And through intimacies thus created spring up the *rapprochements* of many different elements.

WHAT A SOCIAL BACKER CAN DO FOR ONE

The family desiring to be known in the most exclusive circles of New York does not generally attain that eminence without a long preliminary siege. There is no such thing as bounding into fashion unless propelled thither by the strenuous efforts of some leader determined that her protégée shall hit the mark. This, after all, is the one infallible method. A fairy godmother, possessed of influence and tact and persistence, can bring her people in anywhere along the line. It is to some such intermediary that one may, in looking back, attribute the introduction of many now shining lights of fashion. To be seen in company with one of the "smart set" is to have the question asked, "Who is she?" (I say "she," since it is more rarely that the males of the aspiring family go to this pains; when they do so they are apt to belong to the category of unconsidered trifles.) The great point of acquiring notice once achieved, the aim of the struggler is next to keep herself, at all costs, before the public eye. If her backer is clever, this is not difficult. Invitations given through the backer to her own friends convene them to entertainments carefully elaborated so as to furnish some things that nobody else has thought of. A spice of originality joined to unbounded expenditure of money have accomplished wonders in a single night. If there is music, it must be by the great artists of the opera. The supper must reveal prodigality in the matter of canvas-back ducks, terrapin and good champagne. If a cotillon brings the evening to a close, gifts and trinkets of actual value are apportioned to each guest. And surrounding every such scene there must be a wilderness of flowers.

The toilets and jewels of the hostess and her daughters are, needless to say, in accordance with all the rest. On this point the backer does not in general have to advise. It is the natural instinct of the American woman in any station to dress up to that above her, and the new-rich lady, on her introduction to society, is decked and glitters like a queen upon the stage. After one or two such entertainments, due and well paid heralding by the newspapers, steady appearance in her opera box supported by ladies of higher degree who possess no opera boxes, and a series of dinners mapped out for her, with guests selected by the backer, the beginner is fairly launched. Presently her sons and daughters intermarry with other longer-established families, and in the course of ten or a dozen years she is able to ask with astonishment, "Where the new people come from?"

SOME OF THE ANOMALIES OF NEW YORK SOCIETY

As to the actual metes and bounds of New York society, it would be hard, indeed, to discover them. So many of the most dignified and distinguished of our citizens have emerged directly from the shop and warehouse of a generation ago, it would not do to talk of excluding trade. Speculators, "plungers," have, before our astonished eyes, arisen from the very ranks to own palaces, world-renowned pictures, yachts and race-horses—and to consort with the high-born of the world. Men who spent all the early days of life barefoot are at present the rulers of gigantic industries, and in the daily habit of an expenditure for the pleasures of their households that seems incredible. Social potentates of both sexes are continually exalted by the too often subsidized press, of whom eye-witnesses declare the humble origin and early years of sordid toil. The quiet old families of New York, possessing moderate means, and of modest ambitions for their children, are deliberately elbowed to the wall by the new régime. They seem silenced and dazed, and unable to speak a word in protest. The professional stratum of society, liberal as are its gains by comparison with the scale of such earnings half a century ago, has no show whatever beside the fortunes of traffic and speculation. It is hopeless for the earthen pots to remonstrate against the iron ones when they jog together down the stream. Either they must give place, or be broken in the crush.

We concede, therefore, that it is only a question of time and cleverness before the new-rich occupy the first places in our land. But it cannot be said that the standards of refinement are advanced in the operation. Rather do we observe an atmosphere of garish vulgarity pervading many quarters of opulence in our town. Often is to be seen a barbaric profuseness in the tawdry display of loot accumulated in predatory forays upon the wealth of older generations. What chance beside it has the nearby gentleness of a modest life of culture and good breeding? What influence upon society have the people who illustrate these virtues? It is even almost impossible for them to instil into their own children the value of refraining from display. The minds of young people under the glamour of the ostentatious pageantry of modern fashionable life are being warped beyond reclaim.

—there are still gifts of the gods not to be acquired by merely signing checks

CASH AS A MEASURE OF SUCCESS

A salient feature of the reign of the new-rich is the habit of estimating a man's success in life solely by the money he has acquired. There are gatherings of society in New York where, if the question were asked about a fellow-citizen, "Has he been successful?" the answer would be in the negative had the person inquired about not accumulated wealth. No matter whether he had served his country as a soldier, statesman or philanthropist, had led the youth of his generation as a college president, had been an educator of the people in school or pulpit, had achieved wide renown as a jurist, had written a great book, had held multitudes enthralled by his poetry, had painted noble pictures, had advanced science or surgery, had created a leading newspaper or magazine! Nothing of all this tells. He is not a "success," because he has not piled up dollars to flaunt in the world's face!

But even in such companies the appearance of an evident gentleman—known to be of a short purse, it may be, but coming of generations of the best education that books and universities and the conventionalities of a society long trained in civilization can afford—makes its eloquent mark. True, some among the assembly of rejoicing, and therefore contented, plutocrats may regard the intruder with an uncomfortable consciousness, even resentment, that he represents what money cannot buy for the first generation. All that they have, all that they are, comes from the cash they have accrued. The wise among them are not slow to perceive there are still gifts of the gods not to be acquired by merely signing checks. And in the perception by such people of that pregnant fact the hope of our future resides.

Practical Politics for Infants

THE ingenious educational system known as the School City was invented by Wilson L. Gill, to whose efforts is largely due its success in Omaha, Chicago, Milwaukee, and other cities. On one occasion a class of urchins was being taught the mysteries of election day. One boy was made a Democratic and a second a Republican inspector; two were made poll-clerks; two watchers; two candidates, and so on. When all the tasks had been assigned a square-jawed little fellow looked up and said:

"Please, sir, I want to be a policeman and club that curly headed poll-clerk."

The HOLD-UP

By Molly Elliot Seawell

IT WAS a nondescript train that went bumping along on the short line between Wakefield, the little station on the main line where the washout had occurred, and Grand Junction, thirty miles away. It consisted of an express and baggage car, an ordinary day coach, and the special Pullman in which Senator Walford and a party of friends were on their way to the Republican National Convention, in Philadelphia. When the train on the main line had been unable to proceed farther on account of the washout, and it was decided to wait over until daylight, the Senator concluded to cast in his lot with the ramshackle train on the short line. It would enable him to intercept the Chicago express, which would get him to Philadelphia in time.

A concert party, consisting of the soprano, her manager, and violinist, and a professor, with three lady teachers under his wing, on their way to take the steamer for Europe, had also decided to make a strike for the Chicago express, and were ensconced in the day coach.

Although it was the middle of June, the evening was raw and damp, and as Senator Walford looked out of the window of the Pullman he saw around him only the wide expanse of prairie, with nothing to intercept the view between the monotonous landscape and the dull, low-hanging night sky. They were comfortable enough, however, in the Pullman. The Senator did the thing handsomely when he invited a number of his friends to accompany him to the convention. There were a couple of white-aproned waiters to take care of the inner man, and a porter to take care of the outer one. The Pullman appeared to have a good deal of solid enjoyment aboard. There were half a dozen men sitting about, smoking and reading. In the stateroom at the end of the car a party of five delegates to the convention sat around a table, deep in the great American game; and according to the unwritten law that it must be played in the shirt-sleeves, they had taken off their coats. Perfect silence reigned except for the bump, bump of the train over the rough roadbed. Senator Walford—a clean-cut, well-set-up man, dressed with that immaculate care which a bachelor bestows upon his person after passing his fortieth birthday—was looking over some sheets of typewritten manuscript which lay before him on the table. He read with an air of not unmixed satisfaction, and then, turning to a gentleman who was stretched out on the opposite seat, enjoying himself with a novel and a cigar, said:

"These speeches at national conventions are all well enough when the time comes and you see the surging crowd before you, and hear the roar of applause, and find yourself in the midst of the shouting and the captains, but when you read them in cold blood beforehand they seem to be all assertion, pure and simple."

"That's all right," responded the Representative from the Eighth District, who hoped some time or other to stand in Senator Walford's shoes; "men, at a time like that, won't listen to argument. Assertion is what they want, and bold assertion, too. We have to make promises, and then endeavor to keep up to them. Just try a Supreme Court argument upon a national convention and see how it works."

The Senator smiled.

"I understand," he said. "All the same, reading this manuscript over at the present juncture is a good deal like putting on one's evening clothes and starting in to drink champagne at eight o'clock in the morning."

While he was speaking the door of the car which communicated with the day coach opened and a tall, lean and lanky man, with sleek black hair plastered down over his ears, entered. As he slouched forward into the light, Senator Walford was pleased with his face. It had a kind of shrewd simplicity that was evident at a glance, and he came forward with that typical American ease which nothing confounds or abashes. Here was a man who, as Mr. Kipling says, would

> "Greet the embarrassed gods, nor fears
> To shake the iron hand of Fate,
> Or match with Destiny for beers."

The stranger advanced, seated himself with calm familiarity in the seat in front of the Senator, and, pointing to the manuscript, said:

"Speech?"

"Yes," said the Senator, smiling.

"On what subject?" blandly inquired the stranger.

"It's a speech that I am to deliver at the Republican National Convention."

"And," said the stranger, "you are looking over it to see if it's all right. Well, I don't expect to be at that convention myself, but I know how you feel. I myself am preparing an address to be delivered at an agricultural fair, including a baby show, not very far away from here. It costs me a lot of thinking—that speech."

The Senator, with a well-bred smile, indicated that he recognized the relationship between his own speech and that of the lanky gentleman before him.

"This is Senator Walford, I believe."

"It is," replied the Senator, recognizing a familiar Western type.

"And I," said his visitor, with a smile which showed a row of fine, even teeth and lighted up his black eyes, "am Mr. Reuben Smithers. I might, indeed, call myself the Reverend Reuben Smithers, because I once had charge of a church on the outskirts of Chicago. It was pretty near the Missouri line. Great town, that. The Trustees, however, put up the pew rents just at a time when there was a slump in pork, and when pork went down and religion went up my congregation, sir, melted away—just melted away. But I have never lost my interest in religious matters, and I sometimes take, sir, the liberty which I once possessed as a preacher, and that is what has brought me into this car."

The Senator was delighted with his man.

"Go on, if you please," said he. "I am very glad to see you, Mr. Smithers, and I hope you will make yourself at home. If you were not a clergyman I should offer you a cigar and something else besides."

"Don't," said Mr. Smithers. "Don't do it. I took the pledge many years ago, and I have never broken it. My present profession is one which demands the utmost sobriety. And as for smoking, it upsets the nerves—I don't care what the smokers say—and in my profession we require the utmost steadiness of nerve." He did not, however, mention what his profession was.

"But now, Senator," said he, leaning forward and laying one hand on the Senator's knee persuasively, "I will tell you what I come for. Over in that coach there is a party of regular parlor-car people—that concert company, three of 'em, and a professor with gold-rimmed glasses, and three maiden ladies tucked under his arm, taking 'em to Europe. The rest of the fellows in there is a regular swearing, spitting crowd, and those parlor-car people are mighty uncomfortable. Now, I hate the thought that them women should be uncomfortable—I don't mind the men so much—and it just occurred to me that if Senator Walford knew about it, with all these vacant seats"—here Mr. Smithers waved his arm around—"he'd ask them in. It's two hours now to Grand Junction, and I believe some of them women will faint if they have to sit in that place any longer."

The Senator was an American gentleman. The thought of women in discomfort gave him acute pain, and the reflection that he could relieve them gave him extreme pleasure. He rose at once.

"I thank you very much, Mr. Smithers," he said, "for telling me of this. Those ladies and their escorts are more than welcome to this car as far as Grand Junction, and as much farther as they need it. I shall have pleasure in inviting them in."

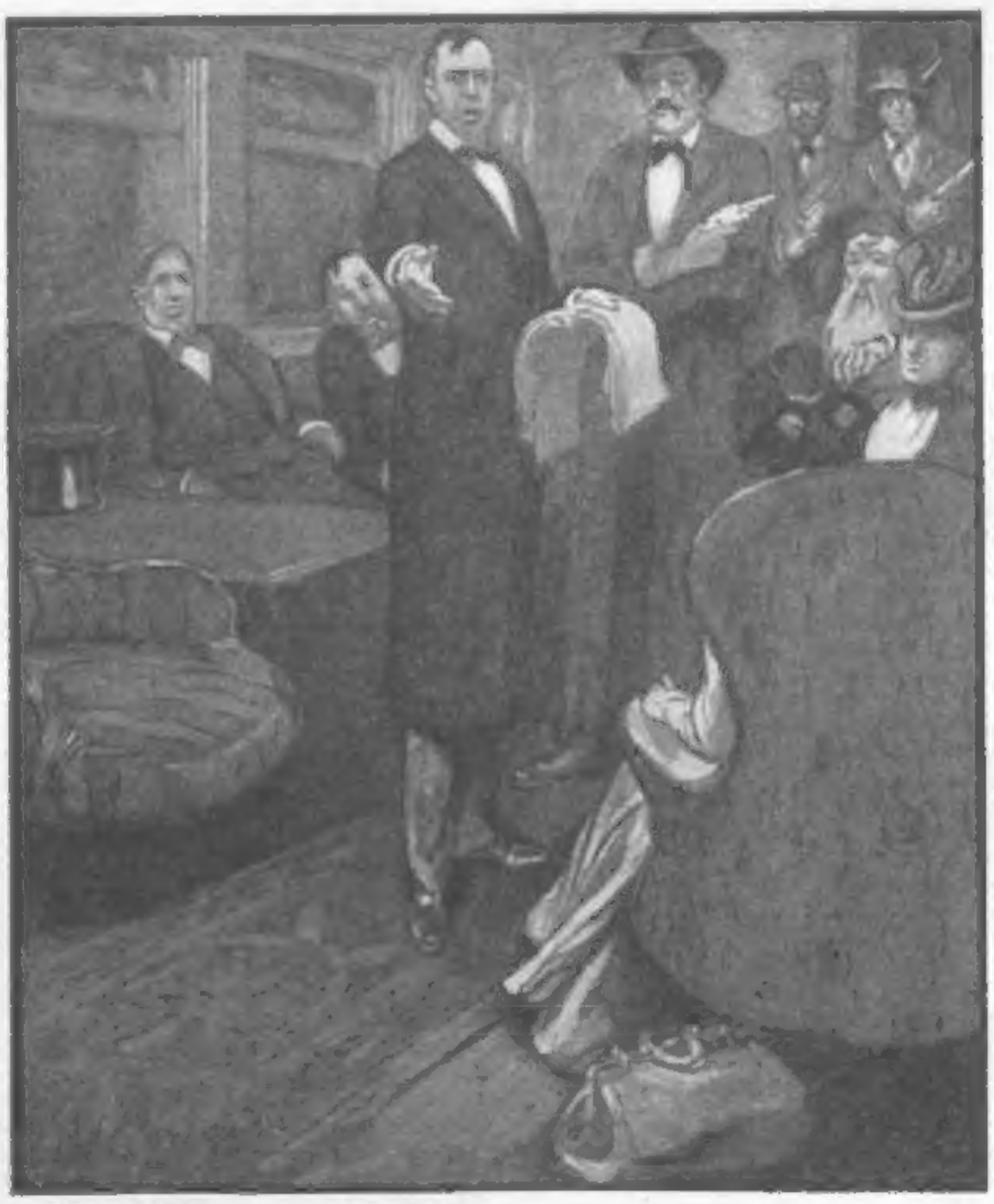
He got up, as did Mr. Smithers, who remarked quietly to the Representative from the Eighth District, "There speaks a man."

The two went forward to the end of the car. When they got to the door Mr. Smithers said:

"You had better let me go into that car, Senator. There's a pretty rough crowd in there; and if they heard you inviting those ladies and gentlemen in here, just as like as not they'll make a rush for the car. I think most of the passengers are going to a prize fight near Grand Junction."

As he spoke his eye caught sight of the poker party at the end of the car, and, laying his hand on the Senator's arm, he said anxiously:

"But, Senator, can you ask those ladies in here with that sinful game going on right in sight of 'em?"



DRAWN BY F. R. GRUGER

"WE HAVE BEFORE US THREE GREAT ISSUES"

The Senator looked a little embarrassed. "Ahem!" he said. "Those gentlemen are my guests, and——"

"That's all right," briskly responded Mr. Smithers; "but I reckon they can draw them green silk curtains around 'em."

"Certainly," said the Senator. And the porter, obeying a signal, concealed the group of sinners from the eyes of Mr. Smithers.

He went out, and in a minute or two came back accompanied by the party. The first to enter was the professor, with his spectacles. He introduced himself as Professor Carpenter, of Midland University, and the ladies under his charge—all of them well stricken in years—as Miss Thompson, Miss Carter and Miss Barr. They all thanked the Senator with sincere gratitude for his kindness. After them came the singer, a pretty little woman, who was billed under the name of Signora Bellini; her violinist, a gentleman who looked like a bandit, and hugged his precious fiddle-case to his breast; and the manager, a bow-legged little individual, but who had a pair of eyes that stamped him as an honest man and a gentleman. The little prima donna smiled into the Senator's eyes, gave his hand a tender squeeze, and thanked him in the prettiest manner possible. The manager, Mr. Solomons, alone of the party, quietly remarked to the Senator:

"I am afraid that we are imposing upon your generosity, thanks to our cheeky friend yonder; but these ladies, I assure you, were very uncomfortable in the car."

"Pray believe me," said the Senator, in his cordial, sincere way, "that I consider it a privilege to entertain these ladies, and a pleasure to have you and the other gentlemen in the party. There is, as you see, plenty of room for all."

The gentlemen in the Senator's party, except the poker players, all rose at the entrance of the ladies; and the car certainly had a livelier appearance after they came than before. Three of the delegates to the Republican National Convention surrounded the pretty prima donna. The other two were cut out and had to content themselves with the lady professors; but these latter turned out to be agreeable and well-bred women, and were a real addition to the party.

After seeing them all comfortably seated, Mr. Smithers turned to go out.

"My dear sir," said the Senator, taking him by the sleeve, "you surely do not mean to desert us now when you have been the means of bringing us all together in this pleasant manner?"

"Well, the fact is," said Mr. Smithers confidentially, "I am no parlor-car man, Senator. The day coach is good enough for me, and I feel more at home there. Now that I have done a kind action I am perfectly satisfied. I would like—er—however, one small privilege."

He drew a parcel of tracts from his pocket, and returning to where the beneficiaries of his appeal sat, he sorted over his tracts and then laid one gently upon the lap of Miss Thompson. It bore the title, Are You Ready for the Bridegroom? Miss Thompson colored, and said "Thank you!" in a faint voice. Next he selected one and gave it into the hands of Signora Bellini. This was entitled The Wise Virgin. And finally he handed the Senator one, asking him solemnly, "Can you answer this question?" The title of that one was, Do You Belong to the Devil's Party? To this the Senator casually replied that he didn't know; that he was a rock-ribbed Republican, and meant to vote the straight Republican ticket as long as he lived and moved and had his being.

Then, in spite of the Senator's detaining hand and a chorus of protests, Mr. Smithers modestly withdrew into the day coach with the party on their way to the prize fight.

Half an hour had passed pleasantly. Lemonade and cakes had been served to the ladies—the first call that had been made for either commodity since the party started for the convention—when the train suddenly began to slow up, and as suddenly came to a dead stop.

The Senator opened the window and put his head out. It was annoying to be delayed in that way and thereby miss catching the Chicago express. It was quite dark, and a fine, drizzling rain was falling. There was not a house in sight—only a narrow belt of woods on one side. There was evidently a commotion going on in the baggage and express car, and half a dozen men were passing about.

As the Senator drew his head back into the Pullman (where everybody had been inquiring what was the matter),

he looked up and saw at the rear of the car a couple of men silently enter, each armed with a Winchester rifle, and a pistol which he held in his right hand. At the same moment two others, similarly armed, appeared at the door which led into the day coach; and then Mr. Smithers walked in. He did not have a Winchester, but carried in his right hand a small, self-cocking, six-chambered revolver. He advanced with the same easy, confident manner in which he had appeared half an hour before, but his errand this time was quite different. He walked up to the Senator and said to him:

"Senator, I hate to inconvenience you. You are a gentleman, and I will give my testimony to that any time you want it. If you are ever a candidate for President of the United States, and want my recommendation, you can have it. But at present I shall be compelled to relieve you of what extra cash you have and your watch. Every word I told you about these ladies and their escorts in that day coach was true. At the same time it was mighty convenient for us to have you all corraled in this Pullman. The fellows in the day coach haven't got anything better than a silver watch among 'em. They're not worth the time and trouble it would take to go through 'em; and so we've just locked the door on 'em and propose to devote our attentions to you. We're just going to take your superfluity—we ain't going to rob you of your credentials as a delegate to the Republican National Convention; but just hand over your wallet."

"Sir," said the Senator, as he felt the cold muzzle of a pistol at his ear, "you are a scoundrel and a deceiver. You passed yourself off as a minister of the Gospel."

"Never mind about that," said Mr. Smithers pleasantly. "It's the neatest job we ever done. It's just five minutes since the train was stopped. We have got the engineer and the fireman tied hand and foot in the cab, and gagged into the bargain. A couple of my lieutenants have got the express messenger sitting down on the floor of the express car with a pistol to each ear. The safe has got a combination that won't open it for an hour yet. We are going to give him that hour, and then, if we are compelled, we can use dynamite. I've got a couple of sticks somewhere about me now. You had better be a little careful jostling me. There isn't any danger of our being stopped. I telegraphed ahead from Wakefield that we had had a washout, too, and the train would be late. There ain't no block system on this line."

The Senator, meanwhile, had coolly taken out his wallet and laid it in Mr. Smithers' hand. Every one in the car had sat perfectly quiet, including the women.

Having disposed of the Senator, Mr. Smithers then walked over to the Representative from the Eighth District, who had quietly, and he thought unobserved, slid his pocketbook and watch down into his shoe. He put his hand in his pocket and drew out some change and handed it to Mr. Smithers, saying with a smile:

"I am not provided with funds, except a check-book. I am a guest on this occasion."

"Sir," said Mr. Smithers with withering scorn, "do you mean to insult me? Take off your shoe this minute."

"I will," replied the Representative; "but you must stop flourishing that —— pistol around my head."

"Sir," said Mr. Smithers indignantly, "how dare you use such language in the presence of ladies? I am ashamed of you, as an American. You beg their pardon or——"

At this he thrust the cold muzzle of the pistol into the Representative's ear, at which that gentleman shivered visibly, as he handed over his watch and money, and mumbled, "I beg pardon!"

"Ladies," said Mr. Smithers, "I apologize for this gentleman's unbecoming and profane language. I have never become accustomed to the sound of blasphemy, and I never shall. No unbecoming word ever passes my lips in the presence of man or woman."

The other men of the party, seeing they had to deal with four Winchesters and five pistols, had quietly taken out their purses. The green silk curtains that screened off the poker party had been drawn aside, and five nervous gentlemen sat, perfectly still, inside, with the muzzle of a Winchester pointed straight at them through the open door. It took a very short time to go through the rest of the party, including the poker players. When Mr. Smithers appeared at the door of the compartment a neat pile of greenbacks and gold lay on the table.

"Is that all, gentlemen?" asked Mr. Smithers, looking around. "On your honor, now!"

And so potent is the word "honor" that those five men each showed unmistakably in his face that he had more money on his person—which Mr. Smithers promptly proceeded to relieve them of, saying meanwhile:

"I haven't the slightest sympathy for you, gentlemen—not the slightest. Poker is a nefarious game. The only difference between you and me, gentlemen, is that I have the winning hand."

And with this he slipped the collection of gold and notes into his capacious pocket.

The whole operation had not consumed fifteen minutes. Mr. Smithers took Senator Walford's watch out of his pocket, and glanced at it, and remarked:

"We have got three-quarters of an hour now to wait for that combination of the safe in the express car to open, and we must pass away the time, if possible, in some instructive and amusing manner. Perhaps Mademoiselle Bellini will oblige us with a song."

"What," cried Signora Bellini, bursting into tears, "I—I—sing, when you have one hundred and forty dollars of my money in your pocket. Oh, you ruffian! Oh, you wretch!"

"Come, now," said Mr. Smithers soothingly, "I have only taken your superfluity. I haven't taken your railroad passes from you."

"That is true," said Signora Bellini with a sigh of relief.

DRAWN BY F. C. YOHN

—"BE VERY MUCH ON YOUR GUARD WHEN YOU ARE INTERVIEWED CONCERNING THAT HOLD-UP"

"You are very kind to have left us those, and I am very much obliged to you."

"Well, then," said Mr. Smithers with an appreciative grin, "perhaps you will oblige me. My pardners over there are just as fond of music as I be, and them poor fellows are just as tired as they can be. There they have got to stand for forty-five minutes yet, and it would be a charity to the poor souls to sing 'em a little song and remind 'em of the early days of their youth."

The manager, at this, laughed. He was the only man on whose face a smile had appeared during the whole course of the affair, and had given up his money like a man.

Signora Bellini cleared her throat nervously.

"What shall I sing?" she said. "Do you like Faust, or Carmen?"

"No, no," promptly replied Mr. Smithers. "My early education prevented me from ever going to any of them sinful operas; but, if you can, give me something like the New Bully, or the Georgia Camp Meeting."

Signora Bellini, unfortunately, was not acquainted with either one of these classic airs, but agreed, on her manager's suggestion, to sing Home, Sweet Home, which she did standing in the aisle, and her voice echoing tremulously through the car. When the chorus came Mr. Smithers joined in it vigorously, and, in return for Signora Bellini's accommodating spirit, handed her back her watch, a dainty trifle which had cost three hundred dollars.

It was now the Professor's turn.

"May I ask, Professor," said Mr. Smithers, "what is your specialty?"

"Ge—ge—geology," faltered the Professor.

"Very well, sir," said Mr. Smithers. "Now, will you kindly tell me what is your opinion, as a geologist, upon the probable age of this planet? I desire to ask the categorical question as to how old you think this old world is."

The Professor cleared his throat. He was used to talking, and finding his voice was composing to him.

"I should say," he remarked, in his most professorial tone, "after having devoted more than twenty-five years to the subject, that it is conclusively proved that the earth is between fifteen and sixty thousand years old."

"You do, hey?" said Mr. Smithers. "Well, I call that a pretty wide margin. I have often noticed one thing about you fellows that are down on Moses—that you don't seem to agree among yourselves; and if one of you is right, all the others are apt to be wrong. Now, if you asked me for an exact statement of how far this pistol would shoot"—here he gently rumpled the Professor's carefully brushed hair with the point of his pistol—"and I said anywhere between fifteen and sixty yards, you would think I was a very inexact fellow; and geology is an exact science, isn't it?"

"It is," responded the Professor.

"Well, then," said Mr. Smithers, "if the science of my profession was as inexact as yours, I would probably be languishing in the penitentiary now."

With this he approached Miss Thompson.

"Madam," he said, "what I demand of you is a thing it will make me very happy to receive, and cost you nothing to give—a kiss."

Miss Thompson screamed and fell back into the arms of Miss Barr and Miss Carter. A murmur went round among the men in the car. Mr. Smithers very coolly took out the watch that had lately been Senator Walford's, and, holding it up before the terrified Miss Thompson, remarked:

"I will give you just one minute to consider. For every minute that you refuse to comply with my very flattering request I shall give you another kiss. Two minutes have already passed."

"Wretch! Villain!" shrieked Miss Thompson, and much more to the same purpose, only stopping to catch her breath.

Mr. Smithers took this all with smiling coolness.

"If your object, madam," he said politely, "is to gain time——"

Here the Representative from the Eighth District spoke up.

"You should be satisfied, sir, with robbing these ladies instead of insulting them. Your proposition is——"

"Mister," interrupted Mr. Smithers, "I take it that you must be from the East. Out here in the West it isn't considered an insult to ask a kiss from a charming lady like Miss Thompson."

At which, without further ado, having noted that five minutes had elapsed since he made the first proposition, he kissed Miss Thompson, in the mouth, five times.

"This is infamous!" cried Senator Walford, rising to his feet. Miss Thompson was nearly fainting.

"Well, now," remarked Mr. Smithers to the Senator, "I think you are rather hard on this lady. She ain't so old and ugly, after all. However, it never has been my practice to force my attentions upon any lady, and I will not demand the toll I have a right to expect from these other two lady professors."

He walked over to where the Senator sat. The manuscript of the speech still lay on the table before him.

"Now, sir," said Mr. Smithers, "I would like, as it will not be in my power to attend the National Republican Convention at Philadelphia on June 19, I would like to have the advantage of hearing your address upon that occasion, and you will oblige me by delivering it with all the grace and elocutionary effect of which I know, sir, you are complete master."

"I will be shot if I do!" said the Senator hotly.

Mr. Smithers placed the muzzle of his pistol on the bald spot on the back of the Senator's head. The feeling of cold steel in the hands of an unscrupulous person and against the bare skin is peculiarly unpleasant. The Senator, without a word, picked up his manuscript.

"Now," said Mr. Smithers, "imagine that we are a lot of enthusiastic Republicans assembled to voice the sentiments of the great party you represent, and give it to us hot. You can't expect me, however, to indorse all of your sentiments, because I am a Democrat."

The Senator cleared his throat and began:

"Fellow-Citizens, Ladies and Gentlemen: On this great and auspicious day, when the representatives of the great party of progress and enlightenment, the Republican party, are assembled in this historic place, to name our standard-bearer and to announce our principles, I count myself fortunate in being able to address a few words of encouragement and confident hope to you. We have before us three great issues. First, the maintenance of our currency upon the basis we have established after four years of untiring effort—a basis which makes an American dollar good for one hundred cents the world over. The second is the protection of the American workingman from the products of foreign cheap labor; and the third is the upholding of the honor and dignity of our flag wherever it has been established."

"Hold on," said Mr. Smithers. "Haven't you got anything to say about trusts?"

"Further on," replied the Senator, calmly proceeding with his address.

He read on for about ten minutes, his ringing, clear-cut sentences followed with distinct admiration, if not approval, by Mr. Smithers, as well as the other persons in the car. He then made a severe arraignment of the Democratic party.

"And now, my fellow-citizens," he said, "have you any reasonable ground for doubting that the common-sense of the American people will not prefer that their affairs shall be conducted in the successful and admirable manner of the past four years, and of many preceding years when the Republican

party was in power, rather than to trust them to a party whose principles no man can define, and whose ——"

Just then a terrific explosion shook the car. All understood in a minute what it was. The gentlemen of the road in the next car had got tired of waiting for the slow process of the combination lock and had blown the safe open.

"There, now," said Mr. Smithers, with an air of great vexation, "they have gone and done the very thing I didn't want 'em to do. I don't believe in using dynamite on safes if you can possibly help it. It's as likely as not they will blow everything in the safe to pieces, and every red cent we will get will be just the little you ladies and gentlemen have been able to contribute personally to me. However, I will just go out and see about it."

He walked rapidly out of the car. In a few minutes he returned.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said, "I am happy to inform you that the safe has been most successfully busted. Some little damage was done to the contents, but nothing of any consequence. We are now about to leave you, and I bid you a cordial farewell, wishing you good luck, and ask you to excuse me for whatever trouble I have put you to. You have afforded me a great deal of diversion, and I am substantially better off for having made your acquaintance. I think you will be able to get help in about an hour. Meanwhile, I bid you good-evening, and regret that I have not a card about me to give to each one of you in person."

As soon as he was gone the ladies fell into strong hysterics. The gentlemen did everything possible to relieve them, but Senator Walford, as he was in the very act of ministering to the pretty prima donna, whispered to the Representative from the Eighth District:

"We will be on our guard what we tell the reporters about this story. We will just mention the hold-up. But, if you won't say anything about that speech, I'll promise to keep quiet about the purse and watch in your shoe."

"You may depend upon me," said the Representative from the Eighth District.

Two days afterward the special rolled into the Broad Street Station. Besides the party bound for the convention, the Senator had invited his fellow-travelers from the little way-station to Grand Junction to be his guests as far as Philadelphia. They had enjoyed themselves very much. After all, as Mr. Smithers said, he had only taken from them their superfluity. The ladies on their way to Europe, and the professor, still had their letters of credit and their steamship tickets; each of the poker players consoled himself with the thought that he would probably have lost the money anyhow; and all of them, with the Senator at their head, took the event philosophically.

At the station the two parties separated. Senator Walford was overwhelmed with thanks.

"You can do me but one favor, my friends," said he, holding Signora Bellini's little hand, "and that is to be very much on your guard when you are interviewed concerning that hold-up. Recollect, we were stopped by a gang of at least forty men, who did not remain in the car five minutes, and whom we would not recognize, if we should meet again, under any circumstances. We did not exchange a word with any of them, but simply gave up our valuables. One thing is certain—we were none of us at all alarmed. We were perfectly composed."

"Except me," said the little manager. "I never was so frightened in my life."

"Why, my dear sir," said the Senator, "I thought you were the coolest man in the party."

"So I may have appeared," quietly responded the manager; "but I know this much—I would have given all my old boots to be anywhere else, and when that cold pistol touched my ear I came near dropping dead on the spot from sheer terror."

"Strange," said the Senator musingly, "that you were the only man who was frightened."

"The only man who owns up to being frightened," replied the manager. "But I think we behaved very well, all of us, under the circumstances."

To which all present agreed.

Memories of Moody By His Son
William Revell Moody
II. His Early Work in Chicago

DWIGHT L. MOODY began his career in Chicago in the early autumn of 1854. He soon secured employment at Wiswall's boot and shoe house. When a jobbing department was added he found greater opportunities than ever. He led in the size and profit of his sales, outstripping all the other clerks. His methods were unique and his zeal was ceaseless. One of his plans was to watch the depots and hotel registers for possible customers from other places, and the success of this added greatly to his personal showing. Mr. Moody in his boyhood had been trained to hardship, the greatest of all schools for the teaching of economy, and thus he knew the value of money. His ambition in those early days in Chicago was to make $100,000, a fortune which at that time seemed greater than a million would to-day.

He kept on prospering in his new place and in one year, with special commissions added to his regular salary, made over $5000, a very remarkable income for one not yet turned twenty-four. "I have always been a man of impulse," Mr. Moody once said to the writer. "Almost everything I ever did in my life that was a success was done on the impulse, and I suppose when I get ready to die I will be up and off."

By this time, too, he was doing an even greater work than merely succeeding in his business career. After joining Plymouth Church he began to find means for increasing its power and usefulness. As a boy in Northfield he had achieved remarkable results in swelling the attendance at the Sunday-school, and so, arguing from that, he conceived the idea that he could be of much value to Plymouth Church as a recruiting agent. Having come to this decision he hired a pew with the understanding that he was to fill it each Sunday. Like everything else he undertook, he fulfilled his commission with intense earnestness and enthusiasm. He did not wait for the young men to come to church, but he went after them, stopping them on street corners, visiting them in their lonely rooms, and even calling them out of saloons. It was altogether new and strange and the novelty of the whole work had an irresistible effect, with the consequence that in a short time young Moody was renting six pews which he filled every Sunday with his strange and motley guests.

THE OUTWITTING OF THE UNPRINCIPLED COLLECTOR

As a clerk young Moody's success continued unceasingly and his work was appreciated by his employer, who, seeing his qualities of argument and persuasion, decided to send him out as a commercial traveler. In those days the commercial traveler was also the collector for the firm, and the modern assignments, in which all creditors share equally, were unknown. Then, if a firm was on the point of failure, it was the man who got his claim in first who saved the most money out of the disaster. One Saturday afternoon young Moody was dispatched to make a collection from an establishment whose credit was under suspicion. While on the train he discovered that the representative of another firm, to whom the same store was deeply indebted, was hastening to the same place on the same mission. A continuous ride to the town would break into Sunday, and it was one of Mr. Moody's principles not to travel on the Sabbath. It was necessary for him, therefore, to spend Sunday at some point and resume his journey early Monday morning. The other collector did not have such scruples, but planned to proceed, arrive on Sunday morning, and thus secure his claim the first thing on Monday morning, which would probably have shut out Mr. Moody's firm. However, where principle was involved Mr. Moody never hesitated, and yet his business pride was at stake and it was rather hard for him to see the other man win. Consequently he determined to do what he could, legitimately, to get even chances. It was in the early days of railway travel and changes were frequent; so at one of those changes Mr. Moody and his rival took a walk, and Mr. Moody engrossed him so thoroughly in conversation that he missed his train, and thus both men got to the town at the same time on Monday morning.

Though Mr. Moody would not work for gain, or travel on Sunday, it was by no means a day of rest to him. His marvelous energy did not seem to know such a thing. If he were ever tired, a good night's sleep was all he needed in the way of refreshment. To him rest was not inactivity, but a change of occupation. He once said: "How I do pity people who hang about resorts doing nothing all summer. My! It would send me crazy." Thus on Sundays, though his mornings were occupied in getting young men to attend Plymouth Church, he had nothing special to do in the afternoons and evenings, and these hours he decided to give to Sunday-school work. There was a little mission on North Wells Street and he applied for a class. He was told that the sixteen teachers were amply able to instruct the twelve scholars, but if he would provide his own class they would be very glad to have him. This was just what Mr. Moody wanted. Next Sunday there was a sensation. Young Moody opened the door and led in a procession of eighteen little "hoodlums" whom he had gathered from the streets. He let others teach them, feeling in his modesty that they were more gifted for that work, but he knew that he could persuade them to come, and thus he gave himself up entirely to recruiting, with the result that the Wells Street Sunday-school soon had more scholars than it could accommodate. This experience was of great value to him personally, for it not only brought him into contact with life, but educated him in organization and administration. The greatest blessing of all in his connection with this school was the acquaintance and friendship with Emma C. Revell, who at this time was a girl of fifteen and a teacher in the school, and who four years later became his wife.

"I suppose you would like to know what I am doing," he wrote home in a letter at this time. "Well, I am doing first-rate. Shall be on there in the summer, if not before. I came very near going last week. A man offered to pay my way on if I would go with him to buy some goods, but Mr. Wiswall was so driven for help that he could not spare me. I should like to come back to the Bay State once more. Things don't look out here much as they do in Boston. Many stores are kept open on Sabbath-day. It is a great holiday out here."

And on the same day in a letter to his mother he writes: "I have made thirty dollars a week ever since I came out here. Don't let Uncle Samuel get hold of it, but, as it has turned out, I have done the very best thing in coming out here. My expenses are a good deal, but I can make more money here than in Boston. I will send you a bill of fare of the house where I board, and then you can judge whether I shall starve or not."

THE ESTABLISHMENT OF ORDER AT MARKET HALL

From the first Mr. Moody usually went from one success to another, and when he saw the results of his work in the Wells Street school he looked upon it all as a call to a larger sphere, and so, in the autumn of 1858, he decided to begin another school on a still larger scale in a different part of the city. This was the North Market Hall—a big public auditorium over one of the three city markets with which Chicago was then supplied. Mr. Moody, with two friends, began here the work that eventually developed into the Chicago Avenue Church, in which he held membership during the last years of his life. In this enterprise his genius for organization was conspicuously seen. The hall was not attractive either in appearance or in cleanliness, but Mr. Moody crowded it with young people. Mr. John T. Dale has described it vividly. "It was a large, dingy, dilapidated-looking brick building on the outside, while the inside presented a large, grimy hall with blackened walls and ceiling, and as bare and uninviting in appearance as can be imagined," he writes. "But it was soon crowded to the

Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of papers which began in The Saturday Evening Post of April 7, dealing with the more important events in Mr. Moody's life.

doors with classes of boys and girls of a type that was new to me, largely the gamins of the street, bold, restless, inquisitive youngsters, whose only wardrobe often consisted of trousers, shirt and suspenders, and even these were often in a very advanced stage of dilapidation.

"At the close of the school Mr. Moody took his place at the door, and seemed to know personally every boy and girl; he shook hands and had a smile and cheery word for each. They crowded about him in the most tumultuous manner and his arm must have ached many a time after those meetings. It was easy to see the grip he had on those young lives and why they were drawn to that place week after week. The institution was a veritable hive of activity, meetings almost every evening, with occasional picnics and sociables, and services on the Sabbath occupying most of the day."

In this North Market Hall school Mr. Moody filled every office from janitor to superintendent. "Sunday was a busy day for me then," he said. "During the week I would be out of town as commercial traveler, selling boots and shoes, but I would always manage to be back on Saturday night. Often it was late when I got to my room, but I would have to be up by six o'clock to get the hall ready for Sunday-school. Every Saturday night a German society held a dance in the hall, and I had to roll out beer kegs, sweep up sawdust and generally clean up and arrange the chairs on Sunday morning. When it was done I would have to drum up the scholars and new boys and girls. By the time two o'clock came we would have the hall full and then I had to keep order while the speaker for the day led the exercises. We had to keep things going to keep up the children's interest. When school was over I visited the absent scholars and found why they were not at Sunday-school, and called on the sick and invited the parents to attend the evening gospel services. By the time I had made my rounds the hour had come for the evening meeting where I presided, and, following that, we had an after-meeting."

Associated with Mr. Moody in this school were Mr. John V. Farwell, at that time the largest dry-goods merchant in Chicago; Isaac H. Burch, president of one of the banks, and others.

NEW IDEAS FOR SUNDAY-SCHOOLS

Mr. Moody was fond of quoting an old Scotch saying: "They say. What do they say? Let them say!" This gives a peculiarly valuable insight into his character. He disliked the traditional methods. He wanted something more effective, something more practical, and thus there were never prearranged programs. The order of exercises was born from the day and the hour. Mr. Moody, or some other helper, would read a passage of Scripture, sing a hymn, tell an anecdote. The time was not only filled up but was made alive by the best interest that could be put into it. If there were unsuccessful teachers they were easily gotten rid of by a plan of transfers from one class to another, ending very effectively in the survival of the fittest. The success of the school was enormous. It reached an attendance of 1500, and new teachers were added and order was brought out of chaos. There were no international Sunday-school lessons in those days, and the teachers and their scholars had only the usual text-books and the New Testament. Denominational lines were not recognized, and a new, vigorous policy prevailed in every department of the work.

THE FORCIBLE CONVERSION OF THE YOUNG BULLY

In his various offices Mr. Moody did not always have plain sailing. As sergeant-at-arms he kept order as well as he could. On one occasion he had trouble. A young bully, the ringleader among the worst element in the town, made persistent and malicious efforts to disturb the meetings. He was a source of great annoyance. After being repeatedly warned he only assumed a more belligerent attitude. It was against the rules ever to turn a scholar out. Grace had failed, and Mr. Moody saw that recourse to other means was inevitable. At last he whispered to Mr. Farwell:

"If that boy disturbs his class to-day and you see me go for him to take him to the anteroom, you ask the school to rise and sing a very loud hymn until I return."

The meeting proceeded. The boy began his interruptions and Mr. Moody made for him. He seized him with a strong grasp, hurried him into the anteroom and locked the door. Then he gave him a thrashing such as he himself had known in his boyhood days in New England, and when he returned there was a flush upon his face, but it had in it an expression of victory. This boy was soon afterward converted, and many years later told a friend that he was still enjoying the benefits of that gospel exercise.

GOD'S REVELATION TO HIS TROUBLED SERVANT

By 1860 Mr. Moody had got seven of his one hundred thousand dollars. The country was filled with great excitement. Abraham Lincoln had been elected President, and along with other young men Mr. Moody was deeply interested in politics. His business took up his time and enthusiasm to a very large extent, but he was keenly responsive to the big questions and activities of the time. It was in the midst of this that the great change in his life occurred. "The greatest struggle I ever had in my life was when I gave up business," he often said afterward. This struggle lasted for three months, but finally it ended in his devotion of all that was in him to religious work. How it came about is best told in his own words:

"I had never lost sight of Jesus Christ since the first time I met Him in the store at Boston, but for years I really believed that I could not work for God. No one had ever asked me to do anything.

"When I went to Chicago I never spoke to the young men about their souls; that was the work of the elders, I thought. After working for some time like that I started a mission Sunday-school. I thought numbers were everything, and so I worked for numbers. When the attendance ran below one thousand it troubled me; and when it ran to twelve or fifteen hundred I was elated. Still no one was converted. There was no harvest. Then God opened my eyes.

"There was a class of young ladies in the school, who were without exception the most frivolous set of girls I ever met. One Sunday the teacher was ill and I took that class. They laughed in my face, and I felt like opening the door and telling them all to go out and never come back.

"That week the teacher of the class came into the store where I worked. He was pale and looked very ill.

"'What is the trouble?' I asked.

"'I have had another hemorrhage of my lungs. The doctor says I cannot live on Lake Michigan, so I am going to New York State. I suppose I am going home to die.'

MR. MOODY'S BODY-GUARD. THE MEN IN THE PICTURE ARE MR. MOODY AND JOHN V. FARWELL

"He seemed greatly troubled, and when I asked the reason he replied:

"'Well, I have never led any of my class to Christ. I really believe I have done the girls more harm than good.'

"I had never heard any one talk like that before and it set me thinking.

"After a while I said: 'Suppose you go and tell them how you feel. I will go with you if you want to go.'

"He consented and we started out together. It was one of the best journeys I ever had on earth. We went to the house of one of the girls, called for her, and the teacher talked to her about her soul. There was no laughing then! Tears stood in her eyes before long. After he had explained the Way of Life, he suggested that we have a word of prayer. He asked me to pray. True, I had never done such a thing in my life as to pray to God to convert a young lady there and then. But we prayed, and God answered our prayer.

"We went to other houses. He would go up the steps all out of breath, and he would tell the girls what he had come for. It wasn't long before they sought salvation.

"When his strength gave out I took him back to his lodgings. The next day we went out again. At the end of ten days he came to the store with his face literally shining.

"'Mr. Moody,' he said, 'the last one of my class has yielded herself to Christ.' I tell you, we had a time of rejoicing.

A TURNING-POINT IN A GREAT CAREER

"He had to leave the next night, so I called the class together that night for a prayer-meeting, and there God kindled a fire in my soul that has never gone out. The height of my ambition had been to be a successful merchant, and if I had known that meeting was going to take that ambition out of me I might not have gone. But how many times I have thanked God for that meeting!

"The dying teacher sat in the midst of his class and talked with them and read the fourteenth chapter of John. We tried to sing 'Blest be the tie that binds,' after which we knelt to pray. I was just rising from my knees when one of the class began to pray for her dying teacher. Another prayed, and another, and before we rose the whole class had prayed. As I went out I said to myself:

"'O God, let me die rather than lose the blessing I have received to-night!'

"The next evening I went to the depot to say good-by to that teacher. Just before the train started one of the class came, and before long, without any prearrangement, they were all there. What a meeting that was! We tried to sing, but we broke down. The last we saw of that dying teacher, he was standing on the platform of the rear car, his finger pointing upward, telling us to meet him in Heaven."

With the $7000 he had saved Mr. Moody began his life as a missionary and evangelist. He practiced rigid economy. He left his boarding-house, slept in the prayer-meeting room of the Y. M. C. A., took his meals in cheap restaurants, and lived in a way that would have killed a man of a less vigorous constitution. "I was an older man before thirty than I have ever been since," he used to say. "A man's health is too precious to be carelessly neglected as I did mine." But his soul was in his work and he carried out his plans with a diligence that seemed to be inspired. His methods were his own. He would not wait for the children to come to his Sunday-school, but would go to them, often hailing them on the street and seeking an introduction to their parents in order that their consent might be obtained.

THE SWIFT PERSUASION OF AN UNWILLING CONVERT

One Sunday afternoon he met a little girl on the street and asked her where she attended Sunday-school. She replied that she was not a regular attendant anywhere, and then he requested to be introduced to her mother so that the family would agree to her attending his school. The child knew who he was and she did not want him to see her home. She asked him to wait on the corner until she got through her errand. For three hours Mr. Moody waited, but the little truant had gone with no intention of returning. Several days later, however, he saw her again and she recognized him also. Without a word of explanation she turned and ran. At this time the drainage system of Chicago had just been changed, resulting in the elevation of the streets several feet. Some of the property owners not only raised their houses but built new sidewalks, consequently the connections between the old sidewalk levels and the new ones had to be made by steps. Up and down these walks the girl fled, and close behind her was Mr. Moody. Finally she ran into a saloon, and he did not abandon the chase, but followed into a little sitting-room beyond, then up a staircase into a little bedroom where the Sunday-school recruiting officer found the child hiding under a bed. He persuaded her to come out, and, after a talk with the mother, he secured her for the North Market Hall.

During the first year all that Mr. Moody received was about three hundred dollars from friends who became interested in his work. By strict economy he hoped to make his savings last several years, but beyond that he had no plans, feeling sure that either the way would be made open for him to stay in Christian work, or, in case his support failed, he might follow the example of St. Paul, who made tents while doing evangelistic work. If it seemed God's will for him to do so he could go back to selling shoes. His dependence was on God.

From teaching children and getting them into Sunday-school he began to know their parents, and, unconsciously, he was in regular evangelistic work almost before he knew it. It is impossible to state exactly when he commenced the special services in which he became more widely known, for it was a development rather than a sudden departure.

Mr. Lincoln's Quick Study of Mining

MISS LOUISE H. STEVENS, the lecturer and traveler, of Brooklyn, New York, is busy upon the memoirs of her father, the late Professor Stevens, who, among other Government commissions, surveyed the mineral lands of Venezuela, which recently figured in the international diplomatic correspondence.

The scientist had met many distinguished characters in his travels but, he said, by far the most inspiring was Abraham Lincoln. The way he came to meet Mr. Lincoln was interesting. This heretofore unpublished incident Miss Stevens intends to use in her biography. Professor Stevens was working up a mining case for the Government in a Western State where Mr. Lincoln was practicing law. Mr. Lincoln at the time was comparatively unknown in law and politics. When the professor engaged his room in the crowded country hotel he found that a Mr. Lincoln was to occupy one bed in the room as there was no other place where he could be accommodated. After arranging his books, the professor settled down in an easy chair to pepare his brief.

Mr. Lincoln soon came in and made himself known. He said he also had to spend the evening making up an argument upon a mining case, and he knew less about mines than about anything else. In an hour the professor finished his work and retired, but before he did so he granted his roommate the privilege of using all his books, maps and papers upon mines and mining. Then he went to sleep, and when he awoke at seven the next morning he found Mr. Lincoln just where he had left him poring over his books and papers. The lamp was still burning although it was daylight.

As Professor Stevens' case did not come up the next day he attended the court to hear Mr. Lincoln present his arguments. He reached the scene in time for the opening speech by his roommate and he stayed all through the session.

Although Mr. Lincoln spoke for over an hour on the technicalities of mines and mining he did not make a single mistake. He cross-examined some half dozen surveyors and engineers, and in every case puzzled and embarrassed them with his knowledge of the subject. Of course he won the case. But Professor Stevens said that everybody in the court believed he had been graduated in mining engineering and had devoted years to the study of the science.

"PUBLICK OCCURRENCES"

The May Elections in the Cuban Cities

In May elections will be held in the one hundred and thirty-seven municipalities of Cuba. The suffrage will be restricted to those who can read and write and who have $250.00 worth of property, or who fought in the Cuban Army. After the municipal elections a general convention will be held, and it will submit a scheme of government for the consideration of the United States. Under Spanish rule there was, theoretically, no restriction to the suffrage, and the fact that the Americans have placed qualifications upon the vote, while States in the Union, with few exceptions, do not permit such things, shows that circumstances alter cases.

Good Things the Americans are Doing

So far the best results attained are physical. The fact that the streets of Havana are being better cleaned and at less cost than those of any American city speaks volumes.

It is evident that the populations of our new possessions have the tropical qualities of their climate, and they are not to be handled as easily as some of our own people whose life in colder latitudes has made them more amenable to law and order. The real gain so far in the new government which we are giving the islands has been in the way of honest administration, in the abolition of fees, the dismissal of blackmailing politicians, the correction of corrupt judiciaries and the general cleaning out of the practices which naturally followed many years of Spanish rule. It is a gratification to know that in this revival the strong natives are participating, and are developing fine qualities of character. For instance, the president of the Filipino Supreme Court, recently established by the American Government, was formerly Aguinaldo's Secretary of State. In the Board which General Otis recently appointed to report a practicable plan for municipal government in the Philippines, two of the five members are Filipinos.

The commission which President McKinley sent to the Philippines, just after the war, reported that the most desirable scheme for the government of the islands would be to inaugurate a system of local government based on a suffrage restriction by educational or property qualifications, and supervised, at least in the first years, by a commission of eminent and well-paid American officials at the ratio of one for every 250,000 natives. This is the commission: Judge William H. Taft, of Ohio, President; Judge Henry C. Ide, of Vermont; General Luke E. Wright, of Tennessee; Professor Bernard Moses, of the University of California; Professor Worcester, Michigan University.

The Constitution and the Flag

By a vote of thirty-six to seventeen the United States Senate declared that the Constitution did not extend over the Island of Puerto Rico by its own force. Under this decision it was left for Congress to say just how free our new colonists shall be, or just how little self-government or how few benefits of republican institutions they shall have. The Puerto Rican tariff bill has been a diverting incident in politics. After the President of the United States had declared in his annual message that it was the proper duty to give our new dependencies free trade, the idea of imposing a tax upon an island that had been recently swept by a tornado, and tens of thousands of whose people were absolutely dependent on charity, not only drew an almost universal protest from the newspapers, but created radical difficulties in the Republican organization. There were so many changes in the plan, followed by a special message from the President, asking that all duties collected be appropriated for the benefit of the island, that the whole thing has turned out to be more or less of a farce. Of course we shall hear from it during the campaign, but the only really important and permanent fact that it has developed was the vote on whether or not the Constitution, like trade, followed the flag. Senator Foraker, in a brisk and breezy fight, mitigated the situation somewhat by practically securing civil government for the island. Puerto Ricans complained bitterly of the proposed tariff. Those in favor of the Bill held that it was the practical way to raise the revenue which Puerto Rico needed, and that every penny of the money would be given to the island. Independently Congress voted $2,000,000 to relieve distress in Puerto Rico.

A Trade Gain of Forty Millions

In 1897 our exports to Cuba, Puerto Rico, Hawaii Islands, Philippine Islands and Samoan Islands were $16,922,305, and our imports were $37,919,519. Last year our exports were $41,581,084 and our imports were $60,175,605. This year the figures will be even larger. Senator Beveridge, in his speech on the Philippines, spoke eloquently of the wonderful resources of those islands and of their importance to the trade of the United States, and he made this very

J. B. FORAKER
Photo by Clinedinst, Washington

BERNARD MOSES
Photo by Thorn, San Francisco

WILLIAM H. TAFT
Photo by Bowers, Cincinnati

ALBERT J. BEVERIDGE
Photo by the Falk Studio, N. Y.

RICHARD OLNEY
Photo by B. F. Keenay, Boston

significant statement: "Manila, as a port of call and exchange, will, in the time of men now living, far surpass Liverpool." He spoke as a man who had carefully investigated the facts, and his prophecy will be remembered. Except Puerto Rico, which was devastated by the storm, all our new possessions are doing well. The bubonic plague is frightening Hawaii somewhat, but the conditions of trade and commerce there are all excellent. Governor Leary has gotten most of the natives of Guam properly married, has imposed a tariff of eight dollars a gallon on ardent spirits, and has started the lazy population on the road to a larger prosperity. And the crops of Cuba are said to be the best that have been known for years. The tobacco crop will alone yield $24,000,000.

Some of the Problems of Expansion

Everywhere the discussion about expansion proceeds. One of its strongest opponents is Mr. Olney, who was Secretary of State under Mr. Cleveland. His views have attracted widespread interest, and he has probably done much to draw the lines for the Presidential contest. And Mr. Bryan is busy denouncing "imperialism."

One interesting difficulty in all the islands is to keep the Government's generosity from spoiling the people. The easiest way in the world to ruin the average man is to give him free food, and the somewhat indiscriminate distribution of provisions by our agents in Cuba and in Puerto Rico has filled the native mind with the happy expectation of existence without work. All that, however, will be gradually reformed, and it must be said, if we are to accept the reports from our officers and representatives, that as a rule the natives are measuring up to their new responsibilities.

Of course, colonial work is entirely new business for us. Heretofore the nearest approach to it we had was far-off Alaska, whose most serious problem generally was the proclivity of the whaling fleet to get lost and demand rescue; but now we have all these islands on both sides of the earth, with alien peoples whose habits and customs are entirely different from our own and whom we must assimilate as benevolently as possible. One big problem was how to manage the church question. Such a thing as a state church is entirely foreign to our ideas and institutions, and it has been interesting to watch how the Catholics and the members of the Administration have been handling the difficulties in executive session, and with such little show of conflict in the secular press. The average American politician would no more think of openly discussing a religious question than he would of committing suicide; and thus it has happened—and it may happen—that the church problems in the colonies will be solved by those skillful processes of church and political diplomacy which take place under the surface. Neither religion nor love is comfortable on the hustings. In the meanwhile many of the churches are doing all they can to extend themselves with a new expansion. We lead the world in denominations and creeds, having between one and two hundred, with new ones constantly forming, and if all of the new colonists cannot find something to their liking they will be indeed hard to please.

American Methods Abroad

One result of the Americans going to the islands has been in each instance to raise prices. The tendency is still upward and General Otis recently, in telling the army officers that it would be better for them to send their families away from Manila, mentioned as one of the arguments that the expenses of living in the Philippines were increasing too rapidly. A new journalism has followed American conquest, and judging from the contents of the papers, both in Cuba and in the Philippines, the greatest interest in the United States is beer. The larger part of their advertising space is taken up by announcements of the various beverages and their flaring accounts of the cafés and restaurants. At the same time it is not fair to judge the new occupation by this evidence. In several of the islands there are absolute orders, signed by the American officers, prohibiting any saloon from selling to the soldiers.

It is against all reason to expect these strange people to adapt themselves at once to American methods, and it is certainly problematical if the Americans will try to become acclimated in their habits. Our people consider themselves the finest products of human civilization, and when we take charge of a new poulation it is not to learn its language or to adopt its habits, but to gradually make it recognize our own merits and to try as much as possible to become like our own selves. Of course, all this means an enormous increase in the spread of the English language, and if any one wants to measure the century there is no better way than to take the fact that, whereas one hundred years ago the Spanish language outnumbered the English by six millions, to-day the English surpasses the Spanish by nearly three to one.

MEN AND WOMEN OF THE HOUR

The Assistant Secretary of the Interior

Not so many years ago a somewhat lank, big boned Pennsylvania boy went to Missouri to try his luck. His name was Daniel Webster Davis. The boys at school used to poke fun at him. He ought to make an orator, they said. This was funny enough, for at that time young Davis was bashful and unpromising. After a while he thought less of his name, and when his intimates forgot the Daniel and cut the Webster down to Web he felt, for the first time, that life was worth living. All the time somewhere within his make up there was a desire for an effort at oratory. It may be that the taunts suggested something that might otherwise have gone unthought of; but whatever the reason, he began to study "pieces" and recite them. One by one he went through the difficulties of memorizing and declaiming the stock poetic and prose selections, until he knew them all. It was with this training that he set out for himself. At first he talked to small crowds—debating societies and friendly groupings. Then came politics, in which he "took sides."

His lankness gave way to bulk, and when his twenty-fifth year was at hand he was a strong, well knit, black mustached fellow with a head full of facts, a stout heart and a weakness for public speaking on political questions.

Daniel Webster Davis is now the Assistant Secretary of the Interior, and it was he who arrived in Pretoria in President Kruger's private car.

Down in the southern part of Missouri there are entire counties that yearn for the time when he will come back on a speech making tour. This is not a party preference, for political friends and foes are alike in their desire to "hear what Web Davis has got to say." Women have pleasant remembrance of a dark eyed, black haired man with a big mustache, who knows how to make political speeches interesting. He tells stories that women like to hear, and he speaks of the babies so tenderly and at times so amusingly that his audiences wonder that he is a bachelor.

Mr. Davis is in the thirties, but he speaks and writes as a man having the experience that comes with ripened sixty. When he was almost a youth, he was Mayor of the town of Kansas City.

As a speaker, Mr. Davis in common with most men who talk publicly, has a few tricks, and one of these involves story-telling. In a community where he finds the honest, whiskered farmer whose literature is neither plentiful nor changeful, he is careful not to be too advanced as to anecdote. He uses the old, reliable, moss grown story that is clear as to point and uncomplicated in construction.

The Only Authorized Version

Irving Flavel Mines, the poet, started his career, like many other versifiers, as a reporter upon a newspaper which paid its writers according to the space their work made and not by regular salary. One day he was assigned to report the ceremony of the laying of the cornerstone of one of the new public buildings in downtown New York. Dreams of a long, column article, and possibly two columns, flashed through his mental vision as he went from the office to the function. When he arrived there he found to his consternation that the business methods of Wall Street had affected the affair and that it was to be exceedingly brief. Bishop Potter lent dignity to the occasion, and after a few remarks began reading from the Episcopal liturgy. When the audience was dismissed Mr. Mines approached the Bishop as he was getting into his carriage and asked him where his prayer was taken from.

"From our prayer book," replied the Bishop.

"I wish you would lend it to me so that I can copy it, because I'm certain there is not one in our office."

Those who know the Bishop and his dealings with reporters and the fact that he never gives an interview to any of them can imagine the look of surprise that he concentrated upon the young man, but it was only for a moment, and he silently handed the book to him.

The reporter had taken it and was turning away when the Bishop called him back, and in his solemn way said: "You know the charge that is made against most book borrowers? You will return it to me, will you not?"

"Sure," said Mr. Mines.

And his paper the next day was the only one that had that prayer precisely as it was prayed.

A Note from Leedle Yawcob Strauss

Living happily in Roxbury, one of the suburbs of Boston, is Charles Follen Adams, whose Leedle Yawcob Strauss is one of the imperishable characters in the humorous literature of America. This month—that is to say, on April 21—he will celebrate his fifty eighth birthday. He was in the Civil War, and was wounded and taken prisoner at Gettysburg. His pen has lost none of its facility. The other day a letter from this office was sent to Mr. Adams on a business matter, and it was by mistake addressed to Charles *Fallen* Adams. Very promptly came the following:

"*Dear Editor:* Below you will please notice my *protest* regarding the manner in which you have spelled my *middle* name, both in letter and on envelope. YAWCOB.

ADAM'S FALL

"In Adam's fall
We sinnéd all."
Not only *Sirs* but *Madams*
Though this be true,
'Tis wrong for you
To call me *Fallen* Adams.

CHAS. FOLLEN ADAMS.

J. A. TAWNEY
SARAH COWELL LEMOYNE
CHARLES FOLLEN ADAMS
G. P. WETMORE
VIOLA ALLEN

Two Americans Who are Stars

One of the most successful players of the theatrical season which closes this spring is Miss Viola Allen, who by her acting has made the fortune of "The Christian," and also that of Mr. Hall Caine. The play is far more successful in this country than in England, mostly because of Miss Allen's fine work as Gloria Quayle. Miss Allen was born in the South. She began at Madison Square Theatre, New York, in "Esmeralda," in 1882, and the year following she became the leading lady in John McCullough's company. She played with Salvini, Barrett, Joseph Jefferson, William J. Florence and she was leading lady at the Boston Museum.

Mrs. Sarah Cowell LeMoyne was known for many years as a public reader, but before that she was on the stage, and in her early days played in "The Banker's Daughter," in which she had ten entrances and five lines, and had her pride somewhat hurt by a reference to her "Lady Macbeth strut." Mr. LeMoyne, her husband, was the Captain of a Massachusetts company during the war, and he returned to the stage after the hostilities were over. It was largely due to his suggestion that Mrs. LeMoyne became a star. Mrs. LeMoyne recently said: "What ability I may have as an actress, since I had had so little actual experience on the stage, must be largely owing to my training as a monologue reader, but fundamentally to hard work. I dare say I was fitted temperamentally for acting."

James R. Keene's Loyalty

One of the strongest traits of character of James R. Keene, the Wall Street multi millionaire operator, is his loyalty to his friends. He is said never to forget one when trouble comes. Among his early associates after he came to New York from the West is an elderly man, now broken in health and fortune. Years ago, side by side, they fought the strenuous fight. After one victory came a defeat. The other could not rally, and all that he had was lost—all except Mr. Keene's remembrance. It is said that he receives at regular intervals an income sufficient to relieve his necessities from a "forgotten investment" made with the California broker years ago. Another instance of his staunchness happened not long since. A well known man "on the Street" who had been intimately connected with Mr. Keene and his associates, lost all of his accumulations in an outside venture. He was more than sixty years old, but still defiant and hopeful. "I think I can endure the Klondike," he said bravely to Mr. Keene. "There's no use hanging around the old scene."

"Come in and see me to-morrow," replied the millionaire.

That evening Mr. Keene mentioned the sturdy resolve to a group of old friends, and the next day he turned over to the man who was down a sum of money sufficient to defray expenses in the Klondike for two years. "If he strikes luck," said Mr. Keene to his friends, "we'll all be glad, and our money will come back. If he fails, we won't regret the money. That show of the right spirit is worth it twice over."

It is two years since then, and the latest news from Alaska is that the old prospector has located claims worth something like a quarter of a million dollars, and intends paying New York and his friends a visit.

Two Popular Men in Congress

Senator George Peabody Wetmore, of Newport, was born in London during the visit of his parents abroad. He was graduated from Yale, has been twice Governor of Rhode Island, and was elected to the United States Senate by unanimous vote.

Hon. James A. Tawney, who represents the First District of Minnesota in the House of Representatives, was born in Gettysburg, Pennsylvania, in 1855; he learned the trade of a machinist. He left Pennsylvania in 1877 and went to Winona, where he was employed as a machinist for four years. Then he began the study of law and subsequently entered the law school of the Wisconsin University. He was elected to Congress, and he has been reelected three times.

Moving the Big Show

By W. C. Coup * * * Edited by Forrest Crissey

IT REQUIRES several months of hard labor to prepare any show for the road, even [illegible] ready organized, for, as a rule, all shows "lay off" during the winter. With few exceptions the horses are allowed to "run out," and all the wagons and paraphernalia are stored in convenient winter quarters provided for the purpose. The wild animals are taken from their traveling cages and placed in more commodious ones. The manager then decides on his route for the coming season. This, in itself, is an arduous labor, for the cost of transportation becomes, necessarily, a most important consideration in his calculations.

The manager of a large show, however, can do this with comparative ease, since he does not fear opposition so much as does the manager of the small show and, consequently, may choose his own territory, while his small opponent must skirmish around to get out of the way of the larger show.

Therefore, the route of the big show is completed on paper not later than the first of February, and the first agent (usually the railroad contractor, begins his duties. Such a show as I am describing is perfectly safe in laying out its route thus early and advertising its days and dates for months in advance. And, having done this, woe betide any smaller concern which elects to show in the same neighborhood, for the larger show will immediately send an advance brigade and literally flood the country with their bills. Brigades of this kind are called "skirmishers," and are kept in readiness to jump to any point where their services are needed to fight any kind of opposition. They thus uphold a sort of monarchical right in the territory and prevent, if possible, the success of the lesser attraction. This makes it really far more difficult to manage a small show than a large one, as the latter has the "right of might," while the lesser shows are continually forced in each other's way, to their own detriment and often to their complete financial disaster. A large concern in a prosperous season clears an immense amount of money, but, on the other hand, a disastrous season is bound to result in an enormous loss.

THE FIRST ATTEMPT TO MOVE A CIRCUS BY RAIL

A few weeks before the time for opening the circus season the horses are taken in, stabled, groomed and fed with grain to get them "hard" and in good condition for work. The wagons are overhauled, painted and gilded, and, if necessary, new ones are built. The various agents are by this time hard at work, each having his particular duties to perform.

Previous to 1872 the "railroad circus" was an unknown quantity. Like all other circuses of that day, the big show of which I was the manager traveled by wagon. During our first season our receipts amounted in round numbers to $400,000, exclusive of side shows, concerts and candy stands. Of course we showed in towns of all sizes and our daily receipts ranged from $1000 to $7000. Finding that the receipts in the larger towns were frequently twice and three times as much as in the smaller ones, I became convinced that we could at least double our receipts if we could ignore the small places and travel only from one big town to another, thereby drawing the cream of the trade from the adjacent small towns instead of trying to give a separate exhibition in each. This was my reason for determining to move the show by rail the following season.

To this end, therefore, I at once telegraphed to the superintendents of the different railroads asking if they could accommodate us and guarantee to get us to the various towns in time to give the exhibitions as advertised, and in order for us to do that it was necessary, I informed them, that we be landed in a town as early as six A. M. From some of the railroad superintendents came the reply, "Cannot furnish switch room," and from others, "Give further particulars." After a great deal of correspondence I went to Philadelphia and interviewed the officials of the Pennsylvania Company. I urged and argued and argued and urged, until they said I was the most persistent man they had ever seen, and even told me they would pay me if I would leave them in peace. This, however, did not suit my purpose, and I hung on until I finally made arrangements with them.

After much preparation we eventually fixed upon New Brunswick, New Jersey, as our first loading place. We were new at the work and so commenced loading at eight P. M. and finished the job at eight A. M. with no extraordinary incidents except the breaking of one camel's back — the creature having the misfortune to slip off the "runs." From New Brunswick we went to Trenton, where I had hired Pullman cars for our performers and band, and cheaper cars for our laborers and other attachés.

THE SPARTAN HABITS OF THE OLD-TIMERS

Our experience with the vast crowds of the season before had given us the idea of building two rings and giving a double performance. This, of course, doubled our company, but it kept the audience in their seats, since they were precisely as well off in one part of the canvas as in another, whereas in the old one ring show we found it impossible to prevent the people who were farthest from the ring from standing up. They would rush to the front and thus interfere with many other people. This two ring arrangement seemed to obviate this difficulty, and as it at once hit the popular fancy, it proved a great drawing card for us and others, for within a few months smaller showmen all over the country began to give two-ring performances. Indeed, from that time it seemed to me that the old one ring show was entirely forgotten.

It was quite laughable, during the earlier portion of the season, to watch the expression on the faces of our performers when they came on to join us and were shown the Pullman cars which were to be their homes for the next six months.

"It is too good to last," remarked one. "The expense will break the show," said another. To their surprise, however, it lasted that season and has lasted ever since. Previous to that they had been in the habit of taking breakfast at any hour from midnight to four P. M. according to the number of miles they had to travel, but now all is changed, and an era of luxuriant comfort has become established for them. For many months, however, at the dawn of this epoch, the performers viewed their regular meals and sumptuous surroundings with a comical seriousness most ludicrous to behold.

Small shows had, prior to this time, traveled to a limited extent by rail; but not with accommodations like ours. Such shows consisted of seven or eight cars, whereas ours numbered sixty one. All of these, with the exception of the sleeping cars, we had hired from the railroad company.

SEVEN HEARTBREAKING DAYS ON THE LONG ROAD

It has always been a mystery to me why the railroads build themselves cars scarcely any two of which are of uniform height. Our heavy wagons would be pushed up on "runs," and, on being pushed from one car to another, would frequently crash through the rotten boards composing the bed of the car. This would cause vexatious delays.

The reader cannot possibly form any idea of the amount of labor involved in teaching our men to become proficient in loading and unloading. It is a positive fact that I never took the clothes off my back from the time of first loading until we reached Philadelphia, our seventh stop! During all that time I was constantly teaching the men the art of loading and unloading, giving attention to the moving of all the wagons, chariots, horses, camels, elephants, etc. We reached Philadelphia tired and exhausted with the seven days' hard work.

I was also mentally fatigued by my partner's opposition and his requests to abandon the scheme, but at this point I realized more than ever the benefits that would accrue from this great departure, and I determined to stick it out to the end. I went to the superintendent of one of the railroads on which we were to travel to Baltimore and Washington and told him I must have a lot of cars of uniform construction at any price. These he succeeded in getting after considerable trouble. I then made up my mind to try it as far as Washington, and if I could not by that time get everything to run smoothly I would abandon it. We reached Wilmington without mishap and gave our exhibitions — three each day. It must be remembered that we had advertised three shows daily and so far had given them; indeed, we did throughout the season, but that was the first and only year that such a feat was attempted.

I told the railroad superintendent that if we could manage to load in Wilmington by two A. M. and reach Baltimore at five A. M. it would be a success. He ordered the road cleared, and we arrived in Baltimore with the first section only a little late, and, with a little extra energy, we had the parade out on time and opened the doors to the morning performance at ten A. M. The trip from Baltimore was easily made, but from there we had to run over heavy grades up and down to Frederick, Maryland. In order to load we had to remove all the brakes, and this the yardmaster refused to do. I showed him my contract, wherein the company had agreed to remove all brakes, but he still refused, so I finally resorted to strategy.

I invited him to a restaurant, and while we were absent by a prearranged movement, Baker, the boss canvas man, wrenched the brakes off, and by the time the yardmaster and I returned the train was almost loaded. Of course I pretended to be very angry at such conduct, but our point was gained. As the brakes were easily replaced we made the next stop all right.

—THE CREATURE HAD THE MISFORTUNE TO SLIP OFF THE "RUNS"

PERFORMING BY DAY AND TRAVELING BY NIGHT

I determined to have a train of cars built for our special purpose, and accordingly visited all the shops in the East, but I could find no one willing to undertake the job on such short notice. Finally, at Columbus, Ohio, I made the acquaintance of a thorough man of business. He was conducting the car shops there and was prepared to execute any order I might give him. In a short time I had made a contract with him, and in thirty days a train of cars was built. They were of uniform height, with iron extensions reaching from one car to another. These improvements made the loading and unloading mere play. I then heard of some palace horse cars at Cleveland. These I bought. I had them freshly painted and lettered, "P. T. Barnum's World's Fair."

When our men, as they came into Columbus to exhibit, saw that train awaiting them, they sent up such a shout as has seldom been heard. Now we had Pullman cars for the artists, sleeping cars for the laborers, box cars for the extra stuff, palace cars for the horses and other large animals, such as were required for teaming, parades, etc., and platform cars for wagons, chariots, cages and carriages. Thus the Herculean task of putting the first railroad show of any magnitude on its own cars was successfully accomplished.

Little, indeed, do the managers of the present day know of the untiring energy and indomitable perseverance necessary to accomplish that feat. The railroad people themselves were utterly ignorant of our wants, as we ourselves were in the beginning. Frequently, as at Washington, the yardmaster would order us to load one car at a time, then switch it away and commence on another. To load a train in this way would have taken us twenty-four hours! Finally, however, system and good order came out of chaos. Once properly launched on our season, we were able to give three performances daily and quite often made jumps of one hundred miles in one night. The scheme, as I had predicted, completely revolutionized the show business, and has been adopted since, not only in this country, but by the French and English circus proprietors in their travels in Germany. It also greatly advertised us, vast crowds assembling at the depots to see us load and unload.

ON A RUNAWAY CIRCUS TRAIN

I once had a very thrilling experience while riding in the cab of the locomotive pulling our train from Indiana, Pennsylvania. This station is on one of the branches of the

Editor's Note—The first of Mr. Coup's papers appeared in the Post of November 18, 1899. The series will be continued in subsequent issues. Each paper is complete in itself.

Pennsylvania Railroad, high up on the mountain, the grade there being exceedingly heavy. It is, I believe, conceded to be one of the steepest grades on that system. There is also a horse shoe bend, or curve, similar to the well known one on the main line. While standing on the platform, about the time the last car was being loaded, I was accosted by the engineer, who inquired if I had ever traveled on a locomotive and if I would like to take such a trip. I replied that I would like to do so, and boarded the engine with him. A few moments later the signal bell was rung and we pulled out into the darkness. I placed myself so as not to be in the way of the engineer and fireman and was soon lost in meditation

The sensation was indescribably weird and thrilling. The scene was shrouded in darkness, and, as we flew along the road the only discernible objects were the trees, which seemed to me like giant sentinels saluting as we flew past Now and then we caught glimpses of lights in the mountain valleys, but they passed by like a streak of lightning, so rapidly were we going

"How far can your practiced eye discern objects on a night like this?" I asked the engineer

"Only a rod or two," he answered

"In that case," said I, "you could never stop the train to prevent a collision should an obstruction present itself?

"No—not with these brakes," he replied

As he said this his face blanched and he whistled hard for down brakes. Finally I heard him exclaim, "God help us! We're running away

On, on we sped down the decline at a speed that was something frightful. The engine rattled and shook, and several times appeared to be almost toppling over It was impossible to stand, and I held on by the window ledge for dear life. Down the mountain we sped altogether helpless! We had no control over the train, loaded down, as it was, with toppling chariots with horses, animals, elephants, camels and human freight

PANIC AMONG THE ANIMALS

Evidently the animals instinctively knew the danger, for above the rattle and roar of the train could occasionally be heard some of those strange trumpetings which proceed from an animal only in moments of danger—often just before a storm or cyclone. Momentarily I expected the whole train to be thrown from the tracks and down the mountain side. By the occasional streaks of light that flew past us I could see the blanched faces of both the engineer and fireman, and knew that they fully realized our awful danger. Both of them, however, kept perfectly cool and I tried to imitate their example. How far I succeeded I do not know, but I do know that my nerves were strung to a higher pitch than they ever were before

A blinding rainstorm added to the horror of the situation, and, with the speed at which we were traveling, each drop seemed to have the penetrating power of a shot. Quick as a flash the thought passed through my head: What if we meet a train? Just at that moment we sped past Blairsville at the junction of the branch road and the main line. The station lights seemed mere specks. As we struck the switch the engine jumped and almost left the track. Looking back we could see the rear lights of our train swaying in the path like a ship tempest-tossed at sea. Our speed seemed to increase as we flew along the main line

We had gone twenty miles when a whistle was heard ahead

"What is that?" I asked

"Another train," replied the engineer; "it will pass us now," and as he was speaking the reflecting lights of its engine appeared, apparently not six rods from us. With lightning rapidity the trains passed each other and the windage," to use a nautical term, nearly took my breath

During all this time, which positively seemed hours, my thoughts were not of the pleasantest. On, on we dashed, the engine frequently jumping as it struck something on the track. It seemed to me a miracle that the train did not lurch sheer over some one of the terrible embankments The fireman was not engaged in tending the fire. It was unnecessary. We were all mute spectators of the scene being enacted by this silent machine—the marvelous and lifelike invention of man. Gradually, at last, our speed began to slacken. We had reached a grade. The danger was past and our lives were saved!

A SINGLE TRACK AND A BROKEN RAIL

We were still moving ahead at the rate of thirty miles an hour when—crash! through the window came some object Once more the whistle sounded "down brakes," and in less than a mile the train came to a stop. Shortly afterward we heard shouts in our rear, and the man who had flung the missile through the cab window came running breathlessly and said that less than a mile ahead of us was a broken rail that would undoubtedly have wrecked our train Knowing that the express train was due in about an hour he had been running back to the station to detain it, when he had met our "wild" train and, realizing the danger, had done all he could to prevent a catastrophe

He sped the man to the station to warn the express leaving us between what were undoubtedly two horrors. The station was fully a mile away. Suppose he could not reach there in time! There we were on a single track, a broken rail ahead of us, an express train due at any moment behind us. Slowly we pulled up to the broken rail and at once replaced it with a new one, for we always carried extra rails on our train for cases of emergency. The track walker succeeded in getting to the station in time to stop the express though luckily it was not quite due. We ran back to Blairsville and switched on to a side track

There we found that the second section of our circus train was due at nearly the same time as the express train, and it was an anxious quarter of an hour that we spent in righting things. When, however, the second section did come in, I found that they had been more fortunate than the first section. They had taken the precaution to add to their train several cars belonging to the railroad company, which were outfitted up with better brakes than ours, some of them being supplied with both new air and common brakes. Then as a consequence of these precautions the train had descended the mountain under perfect control. I learned a lesson from that experience and lost no time in fitting all our cars with air brakes. I wish I could remember the name of the engineer. A braver man never handled an engine or went into a battle

It may not be generally known that all well-regulated roads employ a certain number of men as track walkers, whose constant duty it is to patrol every inch of the road and report the slightest irregularity of rails, road bed, etc. On this particular night the track-walker's lantern had gone out and the only expedient he could think of was to throw a stone through the cab window. I have often shuddered to think of what the consequences might have been had not his aim been a true one

THEN THE SHOUT WOULD GO DOWN THE LINE FOR ROMEO

THE BRONCHOS' CHARMED LIFE

On another occasion, while going into Clinton, Iowa, with the biggest show I ever owned, we were running about twenty miles an hour, when the locomotive jumped the track and struck a tree. The shock threw all the cars of that section on their ends. The Mississippi River was on one side of us and a springy hill on the other. Here in this narrow place stood the cars, laden with animals of all kinds. It was truly an awful situation. We began to break up the cars in order to extricate the poor dumb brutes. We were compelled to hitch ropes about the horses' necks and pull them out, only to find perhaps that their legs were broken or that they were otherwise hopelessly injured. No fewer than thirty five of my best horses were thus lost. The reader must remember that as the cars had been thrown on their ends, in each horse car twenty horses were thrown into a struggling heap. Strange to say, the broncho seemed to have charmed lives, for not one of them was hurt, and I was enabled to give a performance that day in spite of the accident

The elephants were piled up in much the same way as the horses, and in order to extricate them it was necessary to strip the cars completely—a labor in which those huge animals assisted us. The camels were unhurt. The loss, in crippled animals and destruction of cars, amounted to several thousand dollars

I cannot leave the subject of moving the big show without going back to some of my earliest pioneer experiences

No other human being can realize like the showman the volume of dread hardship and disaster held by those two small words, "bad roads." At the time of my breaking in we were passing through a section of country in the Southwest, over such wretchedly constructed highways that the slightest fall of rain was sufficient to convert them into rivers of mud. The heavy wagons would sink to their hubs in the mire and the whole train would be stopped

Then followed a scene too picturesque to escape the attention of even the poor fellows who were half dead from lack of sleep. By the light of flaring torches a dozen big draft horses would be hitched to the refractory wagon. Inspired by the shouts, curses and sometimes the blows of the teamsters, the animals would join in a concerted pull that made their muscles stand out like knotted ropes. But often a battalion of six teams would fail to start a wagon

OLD ROMEO TO THE RESCUE

Then the shout would go down the line for Romeo In a few minutes the wise old elephant would come splashing through the mud with an air that seemed to say, "I thought you'd have to call on me!" He knew his place and would instantly take his stand behind the mired wagon. After he had carefully adjusted his huge frontal against the rear end of the vehicle the driver would give the command, "Mile up!" Gently, but with a tremendous power, Romeo would push forward, the wagon would start, and lo the pasty mud would close in behind the wheels like the Red Sea

So vividly did this oft repeated picture impress me that it is as clearly before me now as it was forty years ago. Sometimes when an elephant was not available, the wagons would be literally pulled apart and when the break came the horses would fall sprawling into the mire only their heads visible above the surface of the mud

But the poor horses were not the only sufferers from bad roads. The men came in for their share Very distinctly do I remember the night when we were about to cross a slough Some of us were dozing in our saddles, others sleeping soundly on the tops of the wagons which carried the tents Suddenly the shout was heard from the man in the lead, "Help there! I'm going down in the quicksands! Throw out a line lively

We knew the voice It belonged to Hickey, the wagon boss, who was a favorite with the men Instantly the fellows tumbled from the wagons and rushed forward The torches showed Hickey sunk to his armpits. A man of ready wit and action threw a rope and the sinking man caught it and passed the noose over his head and under his arms, knotting it so that it could not slip and cut him in two. By that time a team of horses had been hitched to the other end of the rope

"All right! Easy now!" came the order from Hickey, and the team was carefully started. Watching those horses strain on the rope made me hold my breath in expectation that the poor fellow would be actually drawn in two. But, finally, the grip of the mire loosened and he was hauled out to safety

AN UNEXPECTED MIDNIGHT BATH

Perhaps the most disheartening of all bad-road experiences is that of losing the way—a thing which happened with perverse frequency Just imagine yourself a member of such a caravan. You have slept four hours out of sixteen and are crawling along in the face of a drenching, blinding rainstorm soaked, hungry and dazed The caravan has halted a dozen times in the forepart of the night to pull out wagons and repair breakdowns. But it halts again and the word "lost" is passed back along the line of wagons. This means retracing the route back to the forks of the road miles in the rear. Many an old circus man has wished himself dead on hearing the word "lost" under these conditions

After one of these disheartening experiences, when we were obliged to "right about face" and drive the poor, jaded horses back over the same road along which they had made their useless but painful pilgrimage, I clambered up to the top of the tent wagon, stretched out on the jolting, shaking heap of canvas, and was soon oblivious to fatigue and discouragement. My next conscious impression was that of a sudden crashing of timbers, the squealing of frightened horses and the sensation of falling Then I felt myself plunging into the icy waters of a little stream into which the heavy show wagon and all its contents had been precipitated by the breaking of a bridge. It seems almost miraculous that I should have escaped falling under the mass of tents on which I had been sleeping, but in some way I was thrown to one side and contrived to reach the shore in safety

Judge Farrell's Wasted Eloquence

THE Honorable Robert Farrell, Judge of the City Criminal Court of San Francisco, who is familiarly called "Bob" prepares his public speeches with great care. The cause of this is an oration he made a number of years ago which was a noted piece of flamboyant eloquence. It began, "From where Mt. Shasta lifts her snowy peaks in air to where San Diego sits by the waters of the ever-smiling sea

The next day letters came in directed to "Mt. Shasta Snowy Peak Farrell," and "Ever Smiling Sea Farrell

It took months for him to escape the effects of his oratory, and he vowed never to commit the crime of eloquence again

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How to Make Good Aldermen

THERE are Committees of One Hundred that issue manifestoes signed by five-score distinguished names—and accomplish nothing. And there are smaller committees—of five or six, let us say—whose names are not often heard and might not be widely recognized if they were, yet whose collective owners accomplish miracles. The Municipal Voters' League, of Chicago, is a case in point.

And it is all a matter of organization—organization stripped of superfluities and directed very exactly and intently to a sole, definite and limited object.

The Municipal Voters' League handles nothing but aldermen and is in active business but six or eight weeks in the spring of the year. Yet this suffices; a handful of men have given Chicago its first decent Common Council in a quarter of a century. A Council made decent and kept decent—such is their single aim. When that body legislates for two million people—*in numbers a nation*—such a *purpose* is adequate and success in it is magnificent.

Half a dozen men—a stationer, an architect, a real estate dealer, an ex alderman and so on—say to the passive but well disposed citizen: "Help us with a small subscription, and we will keep the town fit to live in. Ten thousand dollars will do it." Seven thousand did it in 1899. "We will *give our time, taken from our business, and will begin where* we ought to—at the beginning." Nay, before the beginning.

Before the primaries, that is to say. At the very first rustling of the campaign, when names of intending or intended candidates are but barely syllabled. The agents of the League—half a dozen salaried men, all told—penetrate every corner of every ward, and full particulars regarding the character and record of every candidate are got from those who know him best; each spring scores of suckling statesmen, more willing than deserving, are strangled in their cradles.

Every would be alderman receives a summons to call at League headquarters. He comes? Always. He finds himself face to face with earnestness and experience. Bumptiousness and swagger ooze away. He is interrogated; he puts himself on record. "Can we depend upon you to favor one measure? To stand out against another? What are your views and ideas on this, that, the other?" Then the League, wholly non-partisan, pronounces for or against. Its verdict carries weight in the primaries. If there is a slip here, the League will enter a candidate of its own. It is detested and feared by the old-school politician. With reason. Three years ago a Common Council of sixty-eight members contained ten honest men. To-day almost two thirds of them deserve that epithet—a state of things that has even made practicable the organization of the body on a non-partisan basis.

"You cry out against the machine," shouts the exasperated professional, "but you are a machine yourselves—one of the worst sort!" "One of the best sort," rejoins the League, "for we have no private axes to grind—our one object is to promote the general good." The children of darkness are angered to find themselves laid by the heels, their skulduggeries combated, their tricks forestalled.

To be an alderman in Chicago has ceased to be a reproach. Aldermen now openly appear advocating good causes among good people. The saloon keeper retires, the young professional man begins to look in. The public servants now dine at a new club of their own and discuss municipal matters in an atmosphere of mutual esteem.

All this because a handful of earnest men have known how to do the right thing at the right time in the right way, and have done it—with all the private sacrifices, too, that such a service involves. As small a number would have saved Sodom. But they were not forthcoming. Will they be forthcoming in New York, in Philadelphia, in St. Louis? The mere method seems simple and efficacious—the men themselves once found.

—HENRY B. FULLER

Reform in politics would prosper better if the reformers had less appetite for the loaves and fishes.

The Democracy of the Schoolroom

EVER since the years in which emigration to the United States became the most significant movement of Europeans, there have been among us many patriotic yet timorous souls who have feared the effect of the influx of great masses of humanity unlike us in speech, social customs and political beliefs, and most of them far below the American standard of intelligence. Doubt could not be allayed by study of other nations that had received large bodies of aliens, whether by conquest or peaceable annexation, for mighty Rome was destroyed by races that she was supposed to have absorbed and made part of herself. Alien peoples have been the cause of almost endless trouble to the modern European nations; they have stood apart, remained clannish, complained, conspired, often rebelled.

Yet in the United States it is a fact—it is a mystery also to observers from the outer world—that our immigrants, of whom we have received about twelve millions, soon became loyal Americans, while their children and grandchildren cannot be distinguished except by name from the descendants of the first settlers of the colonies. The explanation is to be found in our common school system. The schoolhouse is generally the first public building erected in a new settlement, it precedes the church, for while Americans differ theologically to a degree unknown anywhere else in the world, they are as one in the demand that their children shall receive elementary education.

Not only is the school free to all, but in States which are most intelligent and prosperous school attendance is compulsory. The schoolroom is the cradle of equality and freedom, for in it there is no distinction between foreign and native-born, rich and poor. Every attendant must learn the language of the country, and his standing from year to year depends not at all upon favor or privilege, but solely on his own intelligence and application.

To Americans all this may seem a matter of course, but to the immigrant it is an astounding revelation. No matter how dull and common the parent, he knows that ignorance was one of the bars that kept him from any contact that was not servile with the better classes in the land of his birth. Here, however, for several hours of the schoolday his children are side by side with those of the richest, wisest and best families of the vicinity. Children are as observing as the animals; they are adaptive and receptive, too, and therefore unconsciously, slowly, but nevertheless surely, they acquire some of the qualities of those whom they admire and with whom they associate. There is no democracy so genuine and assimilative as that of the American schoolroom and its playground, so at the end of the period of school attendance it would be a wise man indeed who could differentiate the children according to the races from which they sprang.

One evidence of this result of common school training is that the system's most enthusiastic supporters are the men and women who know best. They have a missionary spirit like that of the church in its most proselyting days. When we occupied Cuba and Puerto Rico and began the conquest of the Philippines, teachers were as desirous as traders to go to the new lands. Through the influence of American individuals and societies twenty times as many children are at school in Cuba as there were a year ago, and scores of competent and energetic teachers are demanding as a right that they shall be permitted to establish our school system in the Philippines. Undoubtedly they will have their way, nor do our remaining half million teachers doubt that at a not distant day the schools will transform the rising generation of Filipinos, Hawaiians and Puerto Ricans into enthusiastic Americans, or that the children will draw their parents after them.

—JOHN HABBERTON.

The man who merely skims does not always get the cream.

New Issues for Old Parties

THE student of political science will see in the discussion of questions arising out of our war with Spain a possible reorganization of American politics along entirely new lines. So seeing he will be pleased, for he knows that frequent reorganization is necessary if political parties are to be made instruments of the greatest possible good.

Every great party is organized primarily with one chief end in view. It labors for that end until it succeeds or fails and the issue is settled. When this happens we see two parties which include practically all the voters of the nation. They have been divided on one great question. Some millions of people belong to party Number One for the reason that they were in favor of the issue involved. Some other millions are in party Number Two for the reason that they did not favor that issue. Party Number One has accomplished its purpose. Party Number Two has given up and admits defeat. Now it is that a reorganization is needed.

It is needed for the reason that after they have accomplished their object or failed to do so the two parties are useless so far as accomplishing any other great object is concerned. They are lined up for or against a dead issue and harp on the past without representing any active, living principles. If a new issue of great importance should come up there would be no hopes that all the men in party Number One would agree upon it as they did on the issue that brought them together. The leaders know this. As a result they hesitate to embrace such an issue. Instead they bring up as the principles of their party minor matters upon which no one feels so strongly that failure to agree will drive him away. They keep real issues obscured and make politics, instead of a great conflict where principles are involved, a mere game where each player strives to win for the sake of winning. The men of earnest purpose, the men whom the nation needs, have no time for such a game and drop out, while those without high principle or purpose get a chance and play the game for the sport and for the winnings. The latter are the spoils of office.

But when a great issue, an issue of sufficient importance to compel a new organization of political forces, comes before the nation it revitalizes politics. Men line up anew. Old parties are broken up. Men who were in party Number One are now in party Number Two, and *vice versa*. Now politics is no longer a game. It becomes work—work for earnest men with high principle. The spoils-seekers are crowded out by men who believe so earnestly in the issue involved that they will spend time and energy fighting for it. There is none of the old ill feeling, for now old enemies are working side by side. The strife we see now is fresh and sharp. It means something.

But when this issue has been decided the same evils will follow, until a new issue arises to reconstruct party organization and revivify politics.

—LEONIDAS HUBBARD, JR.

Conservatism carried too far becomes dry rot.

Free Speech for Muzzled Officials

TRUTH is the greatest thing in the world. Possibly that is one reason why it is so hard to get at. In our modern methods and restrictions we have made access to it tortuous and difficult. Red tape leads through many labyrinthine paths. The men in administrative life and the officers of the Army and the Navy ought to be allowed to speak their sentiments with the greatest freedom, but they are all tied up by custom and convention. It is even worse abroad than it is in this country. A delightful instance of it was the case of Lord Charles Beresford. He was a member of Parliament for York, but in January gave up his political career and reentered the British Navy as second in command of the Mediterranean Squadron. Two days before he left politics, however, he made a speech.

"As I am not yet active in service, but still a member for York, I may express myself. Two days hence I will be on full pay, and must then drop politics," he said. That is, he could speak his convictions as a member of Parliament, but he must keep his mouth closed as an Admiral in the Navy. And he dealt his blows straight from the shoulder.

May it not be a good idea to detach some of our bureaucrats or officers and put them in Congress for a short time so that they might be as frank as Lord Charles was in his farewell speech? We abuse politics for a great many evils, of which they are undoubtedly guilty, but we should not forget that they offer our best means for getting at the truth. Even when the politicians talk too much it is better than if they did not talk at all.

—LYNN ROBY MEEKINS

Creeds endure, but every saint worships better in new clothes.

Parchments that Mean Something

AT LAST there is a possibility that the college degree in America will amount to something. In the United States there are nearly five hundred universities and colleges which issue these degrees, and as far as the general public is concerned there is little difference as to their relative values. The D. D. from a certain agricultural college, which made a business of degrees, looks just as big in the newspapers as if it had been conferred by the greatest theological institution of the land. Masters of Art have become as common as Colonels in Kentucky; Bachelors of Art are too numerous to mention; and a Professor may be anything from a bootblack to an astronomer. In Europe, where the degrees have their certain values, there has long been a disposition to regard all American distinctions of that kind in the light of suspicion or of jest.

Our educators very naturally appreciate the importance of reforming this evil, and the movement is rightly begun in the meeting in Washington of the representatives of the largest universities in the country. The Presidents of Harvard, Columbia, Johns Hopkins, the University of Chicago, and the University of California invited the Presidents of Clark, Columbia, Cornell, Michigan, Pennsylvania, Princeton, Wisconsin, Yale, and Leland Stanford, Jr., to meet them in Washington, and to consider plans for making more uniform the graduate degree in America, and for improving its reputation abroad. By raising the standard in the best institutions necessarily the weaker colleges will be persuaded to increase their own value and usefulness.

—WEBSTER WALLACE

Americans *in* Paris

MRS. MARGARET SPICER-SIMSON, whose home is in Washington, whose studio is in Paris, and who paints mostly in London—art is a wretchedly cosmopolitan affair—will be represented at the Exposition by a number of her marvelously painted miniatures.

In connection with one of them there is a charming story. There was a very old lady in London—almost as old as the century—Mrs. Money-Coutts, a sister of Lady Burdett Coutts, whose charities are known all over the world. Although Mrs. Money Coutts was well over ninety, she had never had a picture of herself made. Her children tried to persuade her to have a photograph taken, but she would never consent. At last one of her granddaughters entered into a not unkind conspiracy with Mrs. Simson. Winter afternoons they visited the old lady and chatted with her, and Mrs. Simson made thumb nail sketches. Christmas Day the little ivory miniature was finished. It was given to Mrs. Money-Coutts for a Christmas gift. She looked at it for a long time with her bright old eyes, and that night she gave it to her son—you must know Money-Coutts, the poet. The next day she died; and now all that is left is her memory and that sweet old face, immortal on ivory.

A very charming story I think—and yet I cannot tell why.

THE PET SUPERSTITION OF THE THÉÂTRE FRANÇAIS

In my youth I was told it was bad manners to talk of a rope in the house of a man whose father was "hangit." There used, also, to be a point of etiquette to remember in visiting the Théâtre Français—so long the home of the French drama, founded by the first of the Bourbons, managed by Molière, reformed by Napoleon, and burnt under the Republic. Recently one of the *sociétaires* had taken me back to that wonderful green-room which was perhaps, the last salon in France. On the walls pictures of Talma, Rachel and Mars; a wood fire chattering on the great marble hearth; a grand piano and age-old chairs; the famous players of the Comédie Française—some of them in the costumes of Le Marriage Forcé of Molière, others dressed in the fashion of fifty years ago—a few authors in evening clothes, and so for a little while we talked and bowed and walked to and fro as in a comedy.

"Would you like to see the stage?" my friend asked; and she was Mademoiselle Morèno.

We passed down a broad pair of steps to the [illegible]. It was between acts, and the stage hands were dragging away [illegible].

"Beg pardon," I said, "I almost tripped over that rope."

Mademoiselle Morèno wrung her hands with anguish; the stage manager turned away blackly; the actors in the wings eyed me with disfavor.

"It is forbidden," said my friend, "don't you know? For four hundred years it has been forbidden to mention—you know what—on the stage!"

And even as she spoke a stage hand came up bringing me a small bouquet of flowers, on top of which was a snip of the rope. I knew what that meant, and I paid my golden fine and put the flowers in my buttonhole—they were artificial, very artificial! When we had escaped into the corridor (which is a picture gallery) I tried to learn why one must not speak of a rope in the house of Molière.

"I suppose it is only a superstition," my friend explained, "but you should go now before the house burns down or something awful happens."

I did not want Molière's play to fail, so I went away like the young man in the parable. With what success, for the four hundred years preceding, the management of the Théâtre had met in muzzling garrulous strangers I cannot say, but should any one ever quarrel again with well seated custom, why here is history to give him the lie to his face.

THE SECRET OF BELASCO'S LUCK

Of course the theatrical people of America have quite as interesting a collection of superstitions. They know as well as you or I do that if the final line of a play is spoken during the rehearsals the play will fail. Only in America there are prophylactics against bad luck. The best of them is that practiced by Mr. David Belasco. He makes it a rule to pick up every piece of coal he sees on the street. They are better, he believes, than horseshoes. When he takes off his overcoat after coming in from a walk it rattles like a Noah's ark. In his library there is a whole corner filled with these offerings to luck. A few hours before one of his plays was to be produced I was walking up Fifth Avenue with Mr. Belasco. After we had gone a half dozen blocks I noticed he was troubled.

"What is it?" I asked.

"I think I saw a piece of coal—we were talking so intently I am not sure, but let us go back."

We went back five blocks and found a little three-cornered piece of coal. Mr. Belasco's face brightened.

"It will be all right now," he said; and it was.

Should you ask him now the reason of that play's extraordinary success he would tell you it was due to the fact that Mrs. Leslie Carter carried that piece of coal when she went on the stage. And to-day it is set in gold. I have never tried coal; I have no faith in black cats; but horseshoes——

THINGS NO GENTLEMAN SHOULD DO: WHISTLER'S CODE

After all, there is only one American in Paris, and that is Mr. Whistler. You might not think it should you see him, for his fluffy white hair, his eye-glass, his coal-black moustaches are very French, you might not think so should you hear him, for his speech is anything but American. It is a sort of singsong English.

(Ten years ago, when he was living up the Fulham Road in London, he remarked in a moment of confidence, "I could never get to talk this blawsted English accent, but I can sing it!" And he does.)

He chants English in a way that makes other foreigners in London—George Moore, of Ireland, and W. E. Henley, of Scotland—mere bunglers at the art.

But this paragraph is about Mr. Whistler's luncheon. It came off a few days ago. He asked eight people—the proper number for a luncheon—to come to his studio in the Rue du Bac at one o'clock. They were men of letters, artists, journalists—all of them Mr. Whistler's good friends and admirers. They put on their longest frock coats, they had their best hats ironed, they bought violets for their buttonholes, they took cabs—and arrived happy and hungry at the studio.

One o'clock. The sombre English servant took their hats and coats as they came in.

They filed into the studio—all except Monsieur Davray who was ten minutes late. Mr. Whistler, in a very long frock coat, came up beaming:

"Good, y'know," he sang, "so good of you to come, oh Smith and Brown—feeling fit, Brown?—and Jones and Robinson?—wife better, Robinson? and Jenkins D'lyghted, D'lygated!"

In his enthusiastic welcome Mr. Whistler dropped his eye-glass; it splintered on the arm of a chair; imperturbable, he took another from his waistcoat pocket and screwed it into his eye.

(Ten years ago when he was living up the Fulham Road, in London, he said: "No gentleman ever has a string on his eye-glass—if it falls he takes another one from his pocket and puts it in his eye." He said also: "No gentleman ever wears detachable cuffs or a shirt that opens behind.")

"Glad you're all here—where's Davray? Oh, he'll come nipping along after a bit," Mr. Whistler chanted. "Come over here to the table—I've got something—one of those queer American things, and, I say, it's jolly. Listen!"

It was one of those phonographic affairs, with a sort of long, broad mouthed tube to exaggerate the voice that issued from it. I think it is called a gramophone. Mr. Whistler inserted a disk and turned the crank. There came out a grisly, queer voice, which sang Yankee Doodle. Mr. Whistler beat time and smiled, every one else smiled—it was half-past one and no sign of luncheon. Mr. Whistler put in another disk. The song that came out, in a queer, gruff voice, was:

> "Honey, you'z ma lady luv,
> Yo eyes are bright
> As de stars above—
> I'll sing dis song
> Me whole life long—
> Yo-se me-ah, la-ady luv."

Every one said, "Good, good! Bravo! How curious! Isn't it odd?"

And Mr. Whistler laughed.

"Don't you want to hear it again?" Mr. Whistler sang politely.

Every one said "Yes." It was two o'clock.

At three o'clock Mr. Whistler by request was still making that beastly machine sing Yankee Doodle and the nigger song—appetites were clamorous, and every one, save Mr. Whistler, was eating cigarettes or gnawing at paint brushes.

"Isn't it extraordinary?" said Mr. Whistler—this was half past three—"Sha'n't I turn it once more?"

Every one said, "Yes—yes—capital—again—again!"

Mr. Whistler turned the crank. Yankee Doodle came first; then came "Yo—ar ma La—a—a—ady Luv"—and it was four o'clock.

[illegible] sombre English servant: "*Messieurs sont*

Ah, luncheon is ready," said Mr. Whistler, and the eye behind his monocle was full of wicked humor; "I hope you gentlemen have an appetite."

The eight men filed in and sat down to a luncheon such as only an artist and epicure—like Whistler—could order, and as they speared the oysters they wondered who the joke was on.

—VANCE THOMPSON

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Editor Saturday Evening Post:

In your issue of February 24, Colonel A. K. McClure, in his article, How We Make Presidents, says: "On the popular vote Tilden received 250,961 majority over Hayes, and in the electoral college, as the popular vote was cast in the States, Tilden received 203 votes to 185 for Hayes. On the morning after the election Senator Chandler, of New Hampshire, who was Secretary of the National Committee of which Senator Zachariah Chandler, of Michigan, was Chairman, announced that Hayes was elected."

I have seen this statement before in the press, but never over the signature of Senator W. E. Chandler, of New Hampshire, or from any one who had authority to speak for him. I heard the inside of that campaign related to Assistant Postmaster-General Hazen, in his office in the Post Office Department, one afternoon by one who was close to Senator Zachariah Chandler. In that conversation I heard the Hayes Administration and its gratitude to Senator Chandler portrayed in a masterful manner, and incidentally a famous dispatch that was sent all over the country by Zach Chandler, as Chairman, was referred to. The conversation so impressed me that when I returned to my home, Lynchburg, I wrote to Hon. Zachariah Chandler under date of April 6, 1877, inclosing an original telegram, and asked him whether or not he was its author. The telegram follows:

"To J. B. Work: Hayes has one hundred and eighty-five votes and is elected. (Signed) CHANDLER."

In reply I received the following autograph letter:

"J. Birney Work, Esq., Lynchburg, Virginia.

"*Dear Sir*: Your letter of the 6th ultimo was duly received and should have received earlier attention. My dispatch of November 8, 1876, saying 'Hayes has one hundred and eighty-five votes and is elected,' was true, but had those words not been said and said at that time Hayes would never have occupied the Presidential chair.

But for the most indefatigable exertion and unyielding determination that night should prevail, the Democrats would have stolen a vote or a State somewhere, and thus given Tilden the Presidency. [illegible]

This being the first time I have ever seen over [illegible] of any responsible author the statement that Senator W. E. Chandler wrote this famous dispatch, I submit Senator Zach Chandler's claim to authorship.

J. B. WORK

Chicago, Illinois.

Editor Saturday Evening Post:

Strictly speaking, there is but little difference between combination or corporation and trust. [illegible] ing to Webster, is a union of society, and corporation is a society acting as an individual. And what is a trust? Simply a corporation of greater magnitude, a more hideous evil covering a wider scope.

Within the past few months trusts have been organized involving capital to the amount of hundreds of millions of dollars. Notice the effect of one great trust last winter in the city of Chicago alone: 1950 men were thrown out of work.

A friend of mine built himself a new house last summer. A year ago this last fall he purchased a part of the nails necessary for the construction of the building and paid one dollar and eighty-five cents a keg. During the winter the nail trust went into effect, and in the spring, when he purchased the rest of his nails, he paid three dollars and fifty cents a keg.

I have another friend whom I met a short time ago on the street. He is a trust disciple. In the course of our conversation he said: "Look at the consolidated street railways; by means of their consolidations we are enabled to rule all over the city on a [illegible]."

"Yes," I remarked, "that is true; and if it were not for consolidated street railways we, to-day, would be having three-cent fares. At least two-thirds of the street railway patrons have no use for transfers. Street railway lines are so numerous to-day that most of them can obtain car service in front of their homes and ride to their place of business on the same line, but it is five cents just the same."

Mr. Flint speaks of railroad combinations that have increased their reserves in times of prosperity that they might be able to pay dividends in times of financial depression. To whom do they pay these dividends? To the stockholders of the various companies? or their employees? Certainly not to the latter.

Grand Rapids, Michigan. H. O. SHARP

Editor Saturday Evening Post:

I would like to ask through your columns, because it will come before many people, the reason why the endowment of schools and universities by rich men fails to accomplish the purpose intended—namely, to give the people the advantages of well-equipped schools and colleges and well-trained faculties.

I am deeply impressed with this because of an incident that happened some time ago.

A young man was desirous of taking a course in French. He wrote to the correspondence department of the University of —— for terms, etc. In reply he was informed that the tuition for one term by mail would be twenty-one dollars, that he must pay postage both ways, and furnish books, etc. Not being able to pay so much he communicated with a school of languages in New York and found that he could take the whole course, as many months or years as he liked, for five dollars, including books, postage free.

Now, the university has received many millions of dollars in the last few years, and the language school is a self-supporting institution of excellent and world wide reputation.

Of what use is the endowment to the *people*—I mean the common people? Of course it is not necessary to the rich, because they are always able to secure the best and pay for it.

Fort Benton, Montana. H. E. ROBBINS.

The Diary of a New Congressman's Wife

REPRESENTATIVE BROSIUS' VOICE ECHOES AND ROLLS AROUND THE GALLERIES

WASHINGTON, April, 1900

EVERY one at the bottom of his heart cherishes vanity; even the toad thinks himself good-looking, 'rather tawny perhaps, but look at his eye!'" Could anything be more delightful in the way of application than this saying to the recent exposition of this amiable weakness which our statesmen, politicians and public men, from the highest in position down to the humblest have laid themselves open to here in Washington within the last few days? All the town is laughing, and Robert, who was one of the victims, is so sensitive on the subject that I scarcely dare to join in the laugh, and all because a clever woman had offered to mold the hands of statesmen to be used in the line of her so-called manu psychological" researches, engravings of which were to be used in a book called Hands that Have Built Empires.

When Robert received an engraved card correctly and elegantly setting forth that Mrs Blank desired the honor of casting his hand in plaster, to be used in a historical manu psychological book entitled Hands that Have Built Empires, I could have told him had he shown it to me, that it was some clever scheme, but no, Robert did not show it to me. He was so inflated with the idea that his hands were molding an Empire that he swallowed the bait whole. He hunted up a manicure establishment and had his hands put into glistening, pink tinted shape. He forwarded a check to the fair prophetess, gave the desired sitting for the cast, went about for several days with a pleased smirk and—held his tongue! along with other Representatives Senators and big wigs from every station and calling here at the Capital. When the "murder was out" and the molder of hands had left behind her all manner of casts, purporting to be the hands of the high and mighty, the town burst into one huge laugh. I asked Robert what she had told him when she modeled his hand. He shamefacedly admitted that she had talked great nonsense.

"What did she say?" I persisted.

"Oh, well, there was a lot of stuff about there being 'rhythm' in my hand."

I looked at Robert's square, blunt fingers and said:

"Oh! she mistook you then for a poet? She told you, no doubt, that 'words become luminous when the poet's finger has passed over them its phosphorescence?'"

Robert laughed rather half heartedly over this, and I said reflectively:

"Well, she knew how to play upon your vanity. She certainly understood well that 'Man's vanity is the only passion that gives him no respite.'"

"Oh, come now, Agatha! How about the time not long ago when so many of you women were taken in so cleverly by the débutante who advertised that she was an orphan, rich, well born and attractive, would be glad to have a desirable chaperon for a season in Washington and would give handsome salary for same. References exchanged. All correspondence strictly confidential."

"That's not a case in point," I replied testily.

"Well, I don't see why not. Did not some of these would be smart matrons here enter into correspondence with the 'rich, well born, attractive' débutante? Did not they have interviews, and in one or two instances enter into an agreement, for a handsome sum, to pilot the débutante through the shoals of a Washington winter? Answer me this."

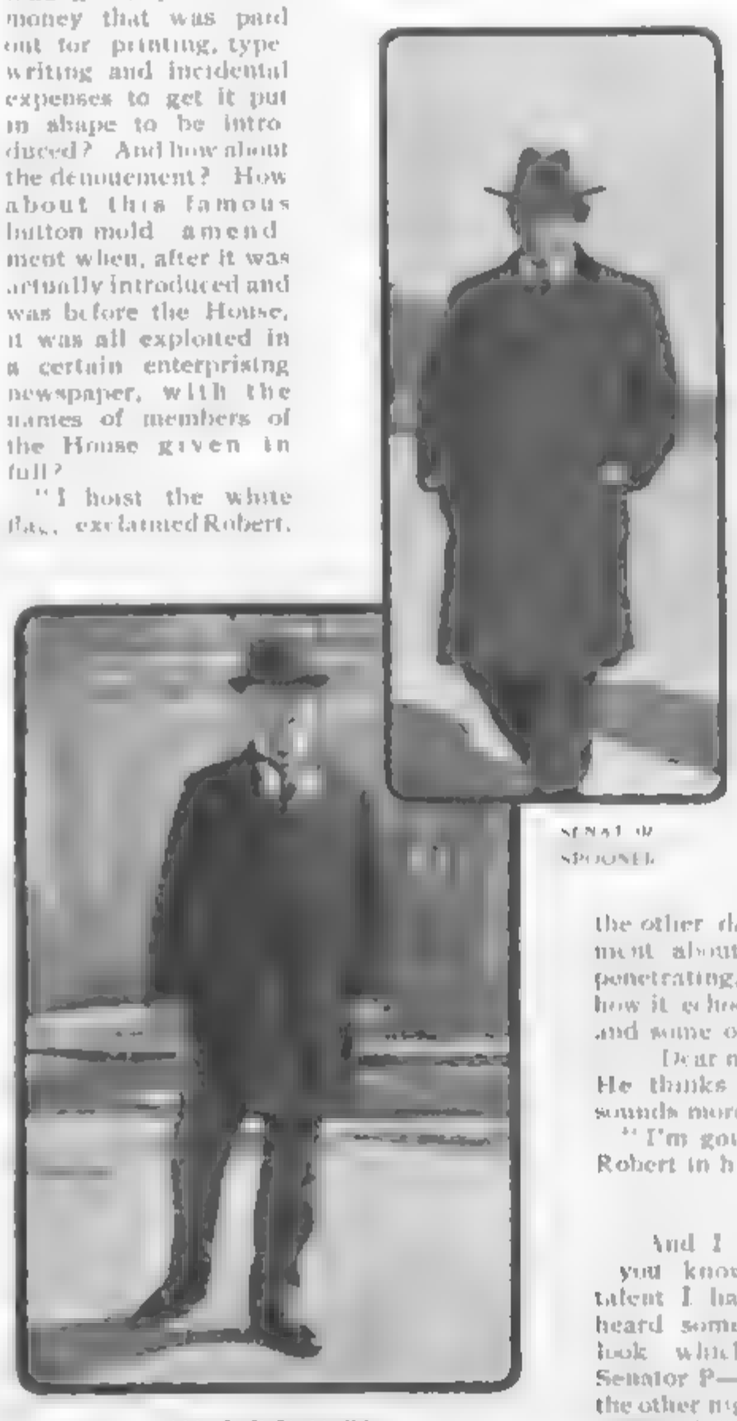
"Y-e-s," I admitted reluctantly.

And did not these ambitious matrons find their interviews all exploited in a yellow journal very shortly thereafter? Was not the 'rich, well-born, attractive' débutante a clever reporter of that same journal out for copy?"

"True," I said meekly. Then, gathering up my spunk, I said:

"How about the button mold tariff amendment that was offered in the House, for which so many members were willing to lobby without informing themselves whether there was such a thing as a button-mold interest, or without knowing that button molds have not been in use for twenty-five years in this country, and that there's not a factory to-day that I know of that produces button molds? How about the good-looking young woman who came here in the interest of this button mold business and who interested so many in the amendment which she wished to have tacked on to the tariff bill? How about the champagne supper that was given, and the money that was paid out for printing, typewriting and incidental expenses to get it put in shape to be introduced? And how about the denouement? How about this famous button mold amendment when, after it was actually introduced and was before the House, it was all exploited in a certain enterprising newspaper, with the names of members of the House given in full?"

"I hoist the white flag," exclaimed Robert, "that button-mold performance was enough to kill every tariff bill which may be introduced for the next fifty years, but, Agatha, that happened before my time, back in the Wilson Tariff Bill, and was the work of an unscrupulous lobby which took advantage of the hurry of the times to slip in that amendment. It was luckily not disastrous, and the country saw at once the state of the case."



SENATOR SPOONER

SENATOR BURROWS

All very true, Robert, but such doings are enough to make free traders out of everyone who wants honest legislation, and it makes one question very seriously this Puerto Rican bill with its sop to the Northwest in the shape of its proposed amendment of free breadstuffs——"

"Oh, Agatha," interrupted Robert impatiently, "I do wish you would not get on to that everlasting old cry. Ever since James Madison introduced into the First Congress the first tariff bill there has always been a commotion which in those days was styled 'shrieks of locality,' and these 'shrieks of locality' have to be heeded and will never cease to be heeded so long as the National Congress lasts, justifying General Hancock's famous, though disastrous, characterization of the tariff as a 'local issue.'"

"I have seen a good deal since you have been in Congress, and why—if this measure has been so entirely for the good of Puerto Rico, and so munificent and wise on the part of the Government—should there be so much explaining and apologizing, none of which seems to hang together, and why should the great and wise Senator Davis have come to the front so hurriedly in the Senate with his free-trade clause?"

"Agatha, I tell you you know nothing about it. You can't understand politics nor anything of political expediency, nor of the ways and byways of parliamentary proceedings. I commend you to what Jo Bailey has just written about women in all parliamentary matters."

"Oh, yes," said I in my most nettled voice, "Mr. Bailey had probably been attending the meetings of the D. A. R., and he rushed into print in a periodical exclusively run by women and exclusively run for women, in which he said that women fail as parliamentarians because they 'lack the mental calibre,' and because 'the feminine temperament is constitutionally opposed to the perfect mental poise absolutely indispensable to success in governing a deliberative body.' He must have printed this just after his own parliamentary methods of filibustering failed so signally and were snubbed so decidedly in the House the other day when the Chair advised him to 'keep cool.'"

Robert laughed at my vehemence. He had steered me away from the tariff bill. He went on:

"I agree with Brosius. I am tired of this yell against our party measures and against the Republicans."

That reminds me, Robert, that while Mr. Brosius was speaking in the House the other day some one made a funny comment about his voice. You know what a penetrating, reverberating voice he has, and how it echoes and rolls around the galleries and some one said out loud:

'Dear me, how he does go on, to be sure. He thinks he's making a speech, but it sounds more like boiler-making.'"

"I'm going to tell Brosius that," declared Robert in high glee.

And I heard something else," said I. "you know, Robert, what a magnificent talent I have for hearing things. Well, I heard something anent our political outlook which I thought was very witty. Senator P—— said that he went to a dinner the other night, given exclusively to men, and Corporal Tanner was among the guests. Of course the talk was almost wholly of politics and of the big measures which are before Congress. Some one asked Corporal Tanner what he thought the effect of the Hay-Pauncefote treaty and the Puerto Rican Bill would be, if they became law, on the [illegible] and what [illegible] had of a Republican House.

"'Oh, well,' said he gravely, 'in view of our treaty with the Sultan of Sulu I think

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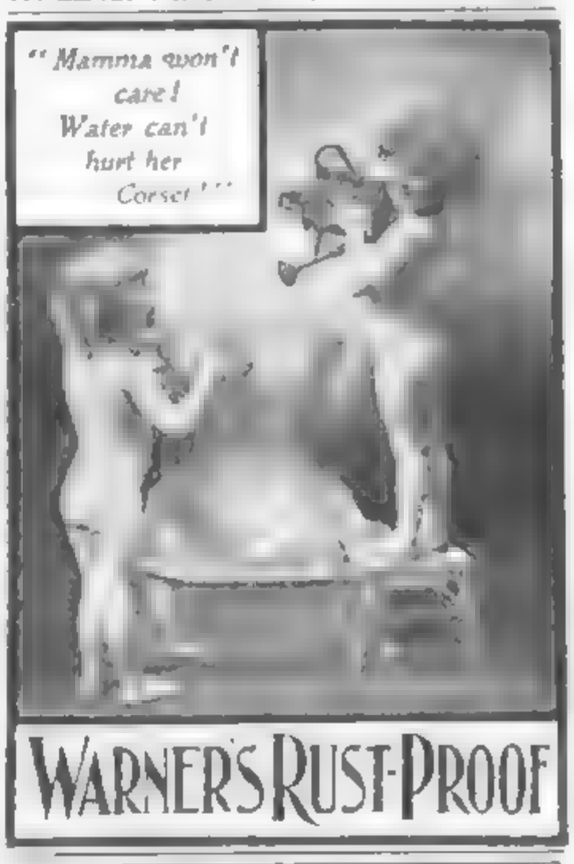

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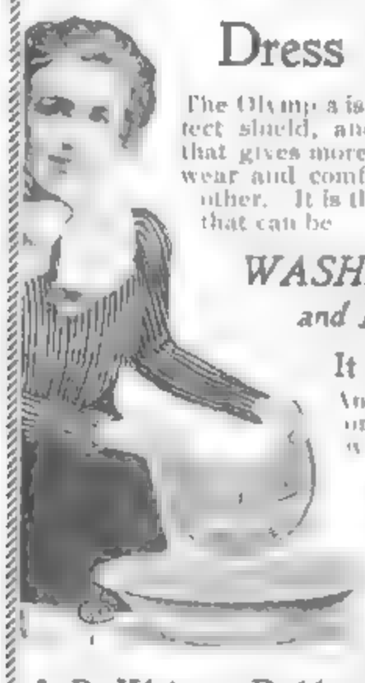

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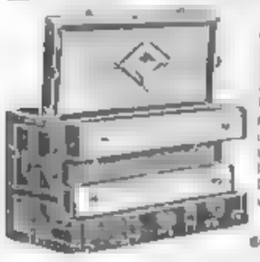

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that we ought to carry Utah at the November elections without doubt.' "

Robert laughed at this and said

"Why, Agatha, no one need really feel any fear seriously about the main chances next fall for the Republicans. The party will stand together solidly, for it has hardly ever been the history of our party to have a serious split. Do you remember that wise old war horse who gave advice to a young politician how to treat a threatened bolter from the party? He said: 'My son, try with the party bolter what is known to practical politicians as the postponement treatment. By this skilful treatment I kept Podgers, in my district, from scratching or bolting for thirty-six years. When I first began to reason with his discontent with the party, it was a Presidential year and the canvass was on. 'Podgers,' said I, 'as you love your country, do not bolt this year. Never mind what our party has done. Consider the far-reaching and vital importance of the issues involved.' Podgers concluded to postpone. The following year I accomplished my end by

SENATOR WOLCOTT IN HIS AUTOMOBILE

reminding him that 'this is the first, and therefore the most critical, year of an Administration which you have indorsed, Podgers, and you must make some sacrifices to sustain it.' He concluded to postpone. The next year I said to him, 'My dear Podgers, you must vote the straight ticket this year. Do you realize what year it is? Of course you do. It is the prelude to the campaign year, and its significance is tremendous and far reaching.' Podgers concluded to postpone, and the next year was again campaign year and I but repeated my argument first mentioned, and so on for thirty-six years; and that is the way I kept persuading Podgers to postpone. And this is the way it will be, Agatha; we will persuade the threatened bolters that, no matter how evil some things may seem to be in our party policy, they will be less than those of our adversaries, and you will see that, in spite of all this croaking, we shall pull the machine through; not only through, but up on to high, firm ground."

"We'll see," I said in a voice that croaked like Cassandra's

Meantime I am seeing, with both eyes wide open, the cross-currents in Congress. I am watching the struggle of United States Senators to come together upon some firm, common ground upon the great problems before them. Senator P——, who has been looking worried lately, tells me that it is not unlikely that the officials of the Government will defeat the treaty themselves if the Cuban amendment is adopted, and that the State Department is showing the cold shoulder to all politicians who approach the sacred edifice with questions as to how the British Government will act if the treaty goes through with the amendment. He says there is more feeling at the Department than there has been in years, and that it is almost impossible to learn anything, and that there is about the whole building a vague atmosphere of threat

"I am reminded," said Senator P——, "of the complaints which Polo made of the State Department just before the Spanish War broke out. He would go there almost breathless every day, in the frantic hope of getting some word of promise, or of information even, and one terribly hot morning, after a fruitless expedition, he said to Sir Julian Pauncefote, 'The Honorable Secretary, Mr. Sherman, cannot understand me, so I go to Mr. Day, but Mr. Day he cannot talk at all, it must be that he cannot speak either English or Spanish; then I try Mr. Adee, but alas! Mr. Adee he cannot hear, and so I try Mr. Cridler—well!' And so," continued the Senator, "it is to day. No one up there will either talk, listen or understand. But I believe the treaty will go through amended and I also think that the British are quite as likely to ratify it as not."

"What about Mr. Quay?" I asked

"I shall emphatically vote to seat him upon constitutional grounds. Not to seat him will make a dangerous precedent. Besides, we shall need Quay before the campaign is over. He can do things that no one else can or will do, and there will be plenty of work for him. Quay used to have the funniest way of attaining an end in the Senate. Whenever he used to get a hint that any of Pennsylvania's industries were in danger of losing protection during a former tariff struggle he would produce book after book from under his desk, and solemnly read hundreds of pages for hours at a time, all about steel and [illegible] until half the Senate would flee and the others would purchase his silence by granting him whatever concession he wanted. I believe that he kept those books as a sort of bogie to threaten the Senate for they were always under his desk."

Meantime I have persuaded Senator P—— Robert to join Page and me and the rest of the smart world in Lenten pilgrimages to Chevy Chase, there to indulge either in the chase of the poor, spiritless bagged fox, or the poorer substitute chase of the festive anise seed. Robert did not wish to go, but I had previously made him become a member of the club and impressed upon him that, even if he did not feel "like a fairy, sportive and gay," he must affect to feel so, for all Washington is sporty in the spring season.

Page, who has been feeling very joyous lately, because of the love letters and cable messages she receives, decided to follow the hounds the other day, and Robert actually perked up and got himself up in correct riding garb and attended Page to the meet. Senator P—— drove with me in the cabriolet. Page has not been brought up in a hunting county of Virginia for nothing, and the way that girl took the stiff fences and wide ditches was wonderful.

I was as much entertained by the occupants of the carriages as by the hunters themselves, and enjoyed the items of gossip—yes, gossip—which Senator P—— indulged in for my express benefit. He pointed out to me the silver member of the House from Nevada, Mr. Newlands, who, as he expressed it, "is one of the boys." I could think of no one, as I looked at Mr. Newlands, but "Colonel Sellers" in The Gilded Age, for he is the counterpart of John T. Raymond as he was in his stage make-up. Mr. Newlands is a promoter of sports as well as a promoter of legislation, and can make as good a speech on either side of any subject as any man in the House, or he can take a fence, or send a ball spinning across the links with equal skill. Mr. Newlands was not following the hounds that day, but jogged along on a comfortable cob.

Next came Senator Wolcott whizzing by us in his automobile and nearly upsetting us in the muddy road. A moment after that General Corbin came dashing along, with a smart young woman perched high beside him on the box-seat of his vehicle. I remarked

"What a sport and ladies' man General Corbin is getting to be."

"Yes," remarked the Senator dryly. "He's being badly treated, but he's working along on the plan of the consolation prize."

Just then almost the entire hunting field swept across our line of vision, then disappeared over the brow of a hill, and we pushed on to the little old-fashioned club house where the hunters were to meet when the run was over.

Editor's Note—The Diary of a New Congressman's Wife began in The Saturday Evening Post of February 3. Each paper is complete in itself.

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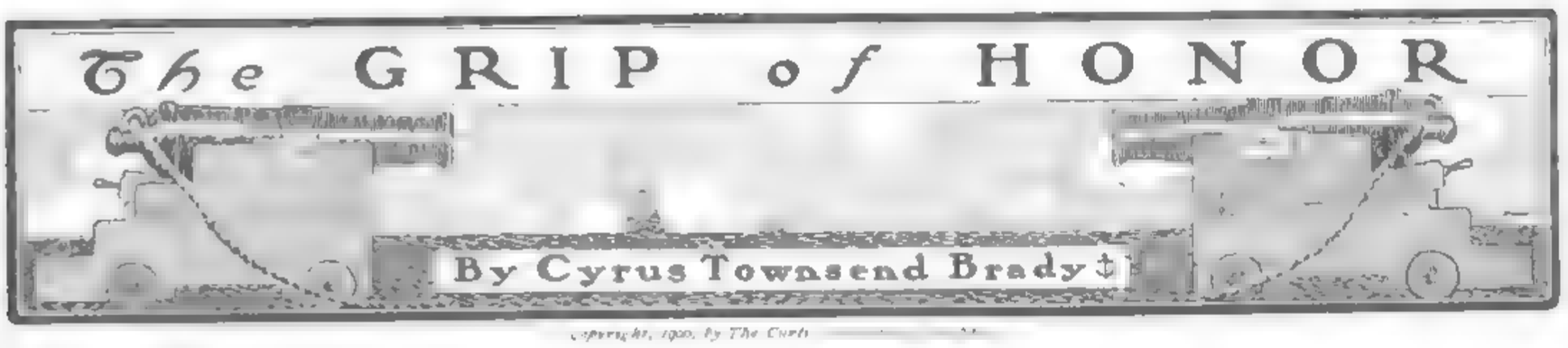

By Cyrus Townsend Brady

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Eighteenth Chapter

"THE ship is clear, sir," said Lieutenant Richard Dale, saluting smartly. He was a handsome, dashing young sailor, the picture of sea gallantry, as he ran lightly up the ladder from the main deck and stopped before the little Captain of the Bon Homme Richard, who was standing on the weather side of the poop, keenly surveying the scene.

"Very good, sir," replied the little man, nodding but not turning toward his executive officer. "Look yonder," he added, pointing toward the shore. "What do you make of that, sir?"

"It cannot be the Alliance," exclaimed Dale.

"[illegible]," ordered Jones sternly. "[illegible] signaled to Captain [illegible] our wake—to form line ahead. If we get out of this thing safely——" He stopped, compressing his lips passionately in a way which promised trouble for Captain Landais and the Alliance, new and handsome frigate, the best of Jones' squadron. After a momentary pause the Commodore, a man of few words in time of action, turned toward the stern of his ship.

"Look aft there, too," he commanded.

It should be the Pallas, of course, said Dale, as his eye fell upon a smaller ship which was following the Bon Homme Richard. "And the Vengeance."

There Hull down on the horizon fleeing like a coward," exclaimed Jones bitterly.

"And these two white fellows forward there, reaching out from the harbor?" queried Dale.

Are the Serapis and the Scarborough, if the information sent us by O'Neill be correct.

"Would he were here!" exclaimed Dale.

Yes, he is himself a host," asserted Jones sadly. "We are fearfully short-handed. O'Neill gone, and Henry and Cutting Lent our third and fourth officers, both absent. The Frenchmen are an unknown quantity. I have only you, Dale and Stacey, and Mease—and the boys—but I can depend upon you."

"Upon me—upon all of us," replied Dale gallantly, "to the death itself."

"I know it," returned the Captain smiling and laying his hand affectionately upon the young man's shoulder. "They are very young, though," he continued gravely, "for such desperate work as this."

There was a little pause.

"Messieurs," said Jones, turning toward a little group of French officers who were standing on the lee side of the poop. At the Captain's word they stepped forward and saluted gracefully.

"Colonel de Weibert, I have served in the artillery, I believe?" queried the Captain of a fine-looking veteran. The Frenchman bowed. "Will you assist Lieutenant Dale in working the battery on the main-deck? It is an unusual place for a soldier, but we are very short of experienced officers. You understand the handling of great guns. It would be a great favor."

"Any place which enables him to fight the enemy is a good place for a soldier, my Captain. I am at Lieutenant Dale's service," answered the old soldier.

"You, Vicomte, and gentlemen," continued Jones, turning to De Chamillard, who was attended by several subalterns, "will take charge of the soldiers on the quarter-deck and forecastle. I desire a continuous small arm fire to play upon the decks and tops of the English ships."

"Sir Captain," smilingly answered De Chamillard, a dapper, dainty little officer, not a man shall escape my marine infantry. I answer for them and for my friends here as well," he added, indicating his gayly clad lieutenants.

"Remember, gentlemen," exclaimed Jones, his face lighting, "'tis for the honor of America—and of France. . . . Mr. Brooks," he said to an alert young midshipman who was acting as his signal officer and aide, "signal the Pallas to edge off to the east and engage the smaller ship of the enemy. . . . The big fellow is our game, messieurs. See! they are forming line ahead and are waiting for us. Brave fellows! Quartermaster!" he cried, stepping to the break of the poop and looking down at the old seaman and his mates stationed at the wheel, "d'ye see those two ships?"

"Ay, ay, sir," answered the veteran tar, peering eagerly ahead, "I see's 'em, Yer Honor."

"That's well. The one ahead, nearest the shore, is our mark. I intend to round to on her port bow. Mind your course!"

"Wery good, sir," answered the steersman, giving a knowing squint at the lifting sails, and shifting the wheel a few spokes.

"Now, gentlemen," continued the Captain, "to your stations all. But stay. . . . Mr. Brooks, direct the sailing master, purser and the junior officers to come up on the quarter deck."

In a short time the two older officers and a little band of youths whose ages ranged from twelve to seventeen years stood before the Captain and saluted. His eyes fell tenderly upon the boys; so youthful and immature were they to be charged with the heavy responsibilities of the coming hour, which would have devolved upon older men but for their unfortunate absence.

"Young gentlemen," he said quietly, "accident has thrust you into positions of great responsibility which otherwise you might not have been called upon to fill for years. We are about to engage two powerful ships of the enemy. The Richard is heavily overmatched in everything except in the spirit and courage of her officers and men. I am determined—nay, we are all determined are we not?—that the flag which floats above us shall never be struck. We may be sunk but we will not surrender. I shall try to do my part; you will, I doubt not, do yours?"

"Yes, sir!"

"Look on us to the death, sir," broke forth from the impetuous youths who clustered about the Captain.

"I enjoin upon you the utmost vigilance and care. Give implicit obedience to the orders you receive from Mr. Dale, Mr. Stacey or from me and exact the same compliance with your orders from your men. They are a hard lot to handle don't let them control you. Remember this, we have more than one foe to fight—the prisoners below, the enemies without, and disobedience in our own squadron. Who keeps guard over the prisoners in the hold?"

"I, sir, with the master at arms," answered Payne, a resolute looking youth of fifteen, "I wanted to be on deck in the batteries, sir, but——"

"You could have no more important station, my lad," replied the Captain. "Keep them under hatches. Do not hesitate to shoot the first man who makes a move to break out! They must not be allowed to gain the deck. At all hazards, keep them down! I repeat it, sir, keep them down!"

"Yes, sir," gravely answered the boy, awed by the emphasis of the Captain's manner.

"You, Mr. Mayrant, with Mr. Mease and Mr. Brooks, will remain on deck with Mr. Stacey and me," continued the Captain. "You, Mr. McCollin, will take charge of the old eighteen pounders on the berth-deck. You, too, have a post of danger. Be careful of them! I distrust them greatly, yet they must be tried!"

"Ay, ay, sir. Thank you, sir," said the young midshipman, delighted at being thus distinguished.

"Mr. Caswell," added the Captain, turning to the largest and oldest, "you will take charge of the forecastle. Mr. Fanning I confide the maintop to you. The rest of

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Editor's Note—The Grip of Honor began in The Saturday Evening Post of February 24.

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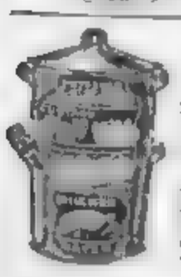

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you will command the several divisions in the main batteries and the other tops. Now, young gentlemen, before you go to your stations I would take you by the hand, and so" lifting his cocked hat reverently, an example all present followed, "may God guard the right!"

The sun had just set and the gray twilight of late September was stealing over the sea. Battle-lanterns were lighted between decks on the Richard, the yellow flickering radiance from which glimmered on the sinewy, half-naked, sweat-covered bodies of the stalwart men at their quarters

"Don't do it, sur; she'll blow up with ye, as the others ha' done"

It was a varied assemblage of about three hundred men that manned the guns and filled the tops. The crew had been made up in France out of such material as came to hand. There were about seventy-five tried and true American seamen, most of them veterans of many a hard fight and bold adventure. These commanded the different guns and filled the more important stations. There were, perhaps, one hundred and fifty veteran French soldiers—old artillerists—some of whom had volunteered at the guns. A few of the most expert marksmen among them were stationed in the tops, but the greater portion was divided into two large bodies drawn up on the quarter deck and forecastle. The rest of the crew had been gathered from the riff-raff of all nations; perhaps a tougher, rougher, harder, more desperate body of men never fought a ship

■

But in the presence of the enemy these men, whose passion it was to fight, forgot their personal grievances and, mindful of the finished skill and superb courage of their Captain, looked favorably upon him and eagerly anticipated the conflict. Rude jests and bits of sea pleasantry—usually permitted in moments like this—flew up and down the line between the Captain and the ruffians under his command, as he passed them in review

He carefully examined every part of the ship. The young midshipmen, deeply impressed by their new opportunities and responsibilities, were pacing restlessly up and down, scrutinizing every detail of their several commands. On the berth deck, standing before the hatch which led into the hold in which over two hundred English prisoners were confined, the Commodore found young Payne on guard, attended by the master at-arms, two American seamen and three Frenchmen

"All ... glad to see you at your station," said the Captain, raising his voice as the young midshipman, full of pride, saluted him. "You remember my orders, sir—to shoot the first man who shows his head above the hatch?"

There was a hoarse murmur from the prisoners beneath the gratings at this speech of the Captain's, which was, as he had intended, clearly audible to them

"Ay, ay, sir. I'll do it, never fear," answered the lad in his boyish treble.

"Remember, sir, that I regard your station as one of the most important on the ship. Those men must not be allowed on deck!"

"They shall not be," answered Payne. "If the ship goes down, they go with it!"

There was another harsh roar from below. "Silence there!" shouted Jones. "Do what you can," he continued, turning to McCollin, "with the old eighteens."

"They shall be fought as long as they exist, sir," answered the young officer

■

Nineteenth Chapter

THE Captain, not ill pleased at this and other manifestations of hearty spirit which had met him on every hand, mounted the ladders and resumed his station

Anything less like a war vessel than the Bon Homme Richard could hardly be imagined. She had been an old fashioned, high pooped East Indiaman with a towering forecastle. This antiquated makeshift had been pierced for thirty-six guns, twenty-eight twelve pounders on the main deck and eight nine pounders on the quarter deck and forecastle. In utter desperation at her entire inadequacy, Jones had recourse to the dangerous experiment, not often resorted to, of mounting six eighteen pounders in ports pierced for them on the berth deck very near the water line. The guns were all of an obsolete pattern and much worn by use, the eighteen pounders being especially bad, as dangerous, in fact, to friends as foes. Bad as they were, they were all he could obtain, and, with characteristic determination, he resolved to make the best of them

The Serapis, with which they were about to engage and to which they were rapidly drawing near, was a brand new, double banked frigate, mounting fifty guns on one uncovered and two covered decks, twenty eighteen pounders, twenty nines and ten sixes. She was manned by three hundred and fifty well-drilled able seamen and commanded by one of the best officers in the English navy, ably seconded by a full quota of capable and experienced subordinates.

Pearson had no more doubt of winning the victory than he had of the rising of the sun next morning. Leaving one factor out of a comparison of the opposing forces, his confidence was absolutely warranted. But Jones had no more doubt of winning the victory than Pearson had. Pearson knew his ship and his crew—Jones knew himself. He was the neglected factor that vitiated Pearson's conclusions

■

All the busy notes of preparation had died away. There had come over the hearts of all, in that moment before the approaching crisis, a little silence which bespoke a recognition of the gravity of the fight to come. The mellow toned bell forward was striking the time: two, four, six, seven bells in the second dog watch, half after seven o'clock

The breeze freshened slightly, and as the Richard drew nearer the Serapis the latter swung her ponderous main-yard and slowly filed away. The two ships were sailing at right angles to each other, the Richard slightly ahead of the Serapis, which was moving to cross her bow

Shall I go to the batteries now, Captain?" asked the First Lieutenant.

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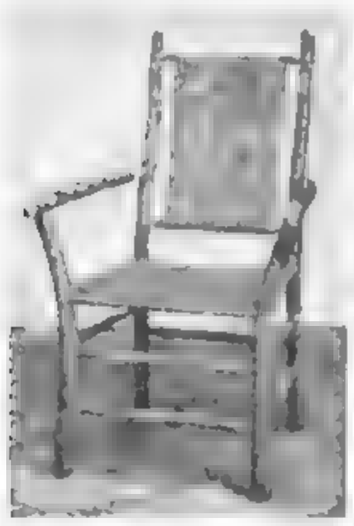

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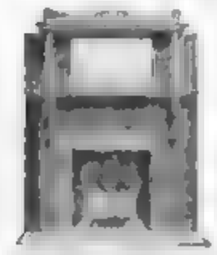

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Yes, I think you would better," answered Jones. Then, to young Brooks: "Pass the word quicky for the men to deliver their fire promptly and together at the word. Not a gun is to be discharged until the order. After that, as rapidly as possible."

As the fleet-footed midshipman ran along the decks a murmur of excitement arose.

"Silence fore and aft the decks!" came the clear voice of the Captain.

The murmurs died away as young Brooks sprang up the ladder and reported that everything was ready. Down on the berth-deck in front of the hatchway little Payne looked to the priming of his pistols. There on the starboard side his young messmate and friend, McCollin, gave another careful inspection to his three old eighteen pounders.

They were nearer now. Suddenly came the sound of a hail from the English ship, the words of which were indistinguishable.

"I don't understand you," cried Jones. Then he turned to the quartermaster.

"Over with the helm! Hard a starboard!" As the wheel was put over the great ship swung slowly to port and rounded off the port bow of the English ship.

The Englishman hailed again.

"This is the United States Ship Bon Homme Richard," shouted Paul Jones in reply, at the top of his voice, springing up on the rail the while. "Stand by!" A quiver and shiver went through the ship from her tops to her very vitals. "Fire!"

Streams of light leaped out on the darkness, clouds of smoke arose at once from the sides of the Richard only to be brushed away by a broadside which had been delivered no less promptly from the English ship.

The desperate men ran the huge guns in and out and loaded them with frantic energy and kept up a continuous cannonade upon their foes. The roar of the great guns drowned every other sound as the two ships sailed side by side in bitter conflict, but the trained ear of the American Captain had detected another sound coincident with the first broadside which told a tale of disaster. When the loggerheads had been applied to the priming of two of the eighteens they had exploded, killing or wounding nearly every man of their crews.

McCollin, who commanded the battery, was struck by a piece of iron and received a dreadful wound. He remained at his post, however, clinging tenaciously to a broken stanchion until he recovered himself a little. As the frightened and appalled men shrank away from the remaining gun of the battery, not yet discharged, he seized the hot iron from the dead hand of the captain of number one gun and, setting his lips grimly, staggered over to the last cannon.

"Don't do it, sir," hoarsely cried the old boatswain's mate who served under him, "it'll blow up with ye, as the others ha' done." There was no reply. McCollin was beyond words. With set lips and grim face he wavered on before the awestruck men. With tottering steps he reached the gun and applied the iron. There was a blinding roar, and the gun whirled inboard in rapid recoil from the force of the discharge.

"Load it again," gasped the boy striving to stop the blood with his hand against his side. Before the men, who had sprung eagerly forward, could reach the piece, an eighteen-pound shot from the Serapis' lower deck struck it fair on the trunnion and dismounted it. That battery was useless.

"All the men alive of this division," said McCollin thickly, "will find places at the divisions on the gun-deck."

A few moments later a powder-blackened, blood stained little figure appeared out of the smoke before the Captain.

"I have to report, sir," said the boy, "that two of the berth deck guns blew up, sir, and the other was dismounted."

At this moment a round shot struck the lad fair in the chest. With his hand still at salute he was whirled across the deck and thrown against the taffrail, a broken mass.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

PRACTICAL MUNICIPAL POLITICS *for* YOUNG MEN

By NATHANIEL C. SEARS

II. HOW CAMPAIGNS ARE CONDUCTED

THE young man who is willing to do his full civic duty will seek to make his influence felt in the election as well as at the primaries. After having performed his duty by taking part in the selection of delegates and in the choice of candidates, he naturally wishes to do what he can for the success of one of the tickets to be voted for; and naturally, too, the ticket for which he will work is the one in the selection of which he has taken a part.

The management of the campaign is usually vested in either a special campaign committee appointed for the occasion, or in the city central committee of the party. The city central committee of a party is made up of a representative from each ward of the city. The special campaign committee is chosen by the candidates from among men prominent and efficient in party work. Whether the work be done by the one or the other of these bodies, the method is the same. The general committee is divided into sub-committees, among which are the committee on halls and speakers, the committee on finance, and the committee on printing. Through these sub-committees the routine work of planning a series of public meetings, of distributing campaign literature, and of obtaining funds for the carrying out of these undertakings is accomplished.

THE WATCH ON FRAUDS AND REPEATERS

There is usually another sub-committee created for the purpose of detecting and preventing fraudulent action in connection with registration and voting. This committee undertakes the task of ferreting out such fraudulent schemes as the registration of persons not entitled thereto, and the colonization, in the saloons and boarding-houses of the worst districts, of tramps and vicious characters not entitled to vote, who are given a temporary residence to enable them to register fraudulently as residents and vote. The vigilance of each political party is directed to possible frauds by the other party; and the existence of these committees, organized to detect and prevent such action, operates as a great check upon these abuses. As a result of party vigilance, more stringent primary and election laws and a more thorough enforcement of them, the extent of such frauds has been greatly lessened.

THE WORK OF THE WARD COMMITTEE

The committee plan a series of public meetings, extending over the period of the campaign, which is usually of not less than five and not more than ten weeks' duration. Meetings are thus held in every ward of the city, and frequently several in different parts of the same ward. The purpose of the meetings is twofold—to keep up interest in the election and loyalty to the party by means of public speeches, and as well to give the candidates for the various city offices opportunity to meet the voters and address them. By means of music and the attraction of good speakers, it is sought by each district to make its particular meeting a successful one in comparison with those held elsewhere. The committee engage as many speakers of ability and reputation as the nature of the campaign will allow, who go from meeting to meeting each night and address as many as the time will permit. The same speakers thus appear before several meetings in different parts of the city upon each evening.

Aside from this plan of campaign carried out by the committee, the candidates must make a personal campaign.

In all our political system there is no campaign so difficult in point of labor on the part of the candidates as is the one incident to a general city election. In the case of elections to other executive offices, the work

Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of three papers by Judge Sears, begun in the Post of March 31. Each article is complete in itself.

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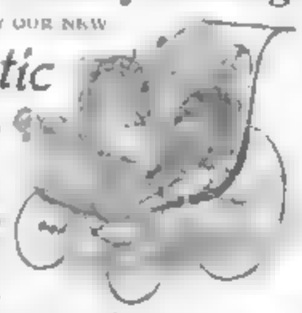

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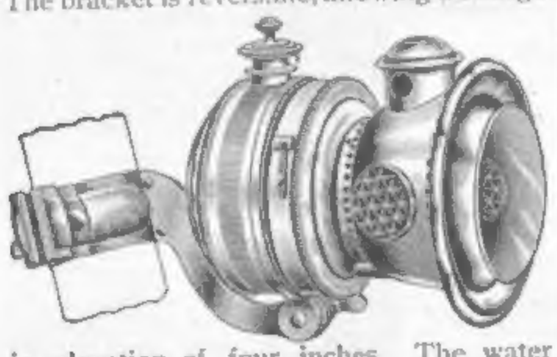

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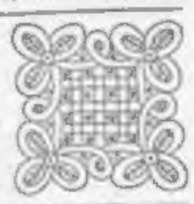

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necessary to be done by the candidates, if great in the aggregate, is at least spread over a considerable period of time. The nominee for gubernatorial office proceeds in dignified and leisurely manner to canvass his State, and he rarely begins until months after the nomination. He makes public addresses only at the more important points in the State, and it is seldom that he is able to speak to more than one audience in one evening. The candidate for the Presidency preserves a still more dignified silence and permits others to speak for him. But the candidate for the chief executive office in the large city has work of the severest kind before him during every day of the brief campaign. Fortunately such campaigns are brief, for otherwise few men could endure them.

TRIALS OF THE TRIMMER AND TRICKSTER

The work of the candidate begins with the convention which nominates him. He must there announce the principles upon which his candidacy is to stand. The convention adopts a series of resolutions, which constitute the party platform. But in a mayoralty campaign the people look to the public utterances of the candidate rather than to the party platform for the basis of their judgment. If the candidate be a sincere and straightforward man, he can, without difficulty, declare the lines upon which he will act and the principles by which he will be guided if elected. If, however, he be a demagogue, intent only upon success at the polls, his task is more intricate. There are many diverse and conflicting interests embraced within any political party. A policy of administration which would please some would offend others. If the candidate is willing for the sake of office to become a trimmer and a trickster, he will avoid any public utterance of a well-defined nature upon such subjects, and will endeavor in private to persuade each faction or class that he favors that particular interest. Many committees representing different classes of business wait upon the candidate in a mayoralty campaign to obtain from him, if possible, assurance as to his policy in relation to such interests. He is also asked to address meetings called in special interests, and to announce his position in relation thereto. It requires some degree of firmness unflinchingly to state that which it is known will alienate the interests thus presented. But the embarrassment comes only to the insincere, and to him, if he be elected, it must come.

There is, also, much importuning of the candidate for promises of appointment. The minor appointments are usually made upon recommendation of the ward clubs, but there are also a few positions, somewhat akin to the cabinet offices of an executive, which are of great importance, and are usually made with great care of selection. The success of an administration depends largely upon the integrity and capacity of these appointees. It is pledges of such appointments that are for the most part solicited during a campaign, and as an implied condition of support. The only safety of the candidate lies in a refusal to make any promise. He cannot make intelligent and wise choice of such officials in the heat of a campaign. He should not allow the incidents of the campaign to determine so grave a matter. Aside from this ground of moral objection, it is unwise from the standpoint of policy. Unless the candidate be willing to falsify and promise all things to all men, he would soon exhaust his possible pledges and antagonize all seekers save those to whom promises were given. By firmly declining to promise any one, the candidate avoids immediate and future trouble.

THE CAPTURE OF THE RELUCTANT VOTER

The labor of the candidate includes attendance upon the various public meetings and the making of public addresses to them. Usually the candidate in a mayoralty campaign will address from 150 to 200 of such meetings. This involves, in a campaign of only five or six weeks, the necessity of speaking at several meetings in one evening. To do this, the candidate must begin the night's work by appearing as the first speaker at one public hall, leaving it as soon as his speech is concluded, and driving as speedily as possible to another hall, speak there, and so on until his last meeting for the night has been thus attended. In this manner as many as six or seven meetings are sometimes attended in one night and as many addresses made.

After the last public meeting of the campaign has closed there follows the work of the election day. With this work the candidates have but little to do, as it is cared for by the organized body of party workers. Aside from the judges and clerks of election and challengers, representing each political party, there are others of the party workers busy in the voting precinct. The work of the judges, clerks and challengers is to see that the voting is legally conducted. The attention of the other party workers is directed to the getting out and polling of the full party vote of the precinct. To that end they are provided with lists of all registered voters of the precinct, and as each one votes the name is checked off upon the list.

If in the latter part of the day it becomes apparent that many of the party are neglecting to vote, strenuous effort is made to reach them and bring them to the polls. Carriages are hired and driven to their homes, and in a thoroughly managed precinct every voter known to be of the party is reached if possible, reminded of his duty and urged to perform it. There has been in the past much of barter and purchase of votes in the municipal elections of large cities. There is at the present time comparatively little of such abuse of the franchise. The improvement is partly due to more stringent laws and largely due to the adoption of the Australian ballot. If one were dishonest enough to buy a vote, it must be from one also dishonest, and there would be no way, where a secret method of voting was in use, by which the one knave could know if the other had kept faith. Then, too, the abuse was largely practiced in the interest of some one candidate and was effected by a system of pasters, or by scratching one name from a ticket and substituting another. The voter sufficiently base to barter away his vote does not, as a rule, possess enough intelligence to enable him to make changes upon the Australian ballot without thereby making it entirely invalid and ineffective. The money used at the polls in the municipal election of to-day is largely expended in employing men and carriages for the purpose of bringing known adherents of the party to the polling place.

PROMOTION FROM THE RANKS IN POLITICS

How, then, can the young man, entering upon political work, do anything to make his influence of force and account in a municipal campaign thus conducted? If the nominees of his party are men of good character, and if the principles for which they stand are such as he can heartily support, he can make his individual effort of much avail. As a rule, he must be willing to enter the ranks as a private. Here, as elsewhere, it is difficult to enlist as an officer of the line. This fact deters many from entering into politics. But working in the ranks there are many things which he can do, and should be willing to do, if he feels that the success of his party will be for the public good. It is the detail work which is of value. To talk for party, or brag for party, or bet for party, does not take the place of work for the party.

From the methods of the campaign which have been outlined, it will be seen that there are many ways in which this detail work can be done. The young man can see that his friends and neighbors do not forget to register. Together with a few others, he can divide up the territory of his precinct and thus perform this task systematically and thoroughly. During the campaign he can see that meetings are arranged wherever most needed in his ward. The general committee are likely to overlook the needs of particular localities unless their attention is called to them. He can, with his friends, arrange the details of such meetings, obtain good speakers for them, through the general committee, and see that the meetings are thoroughly advertised throughout his district. He can aid in preventing fraudulent practices at his polling place. If he be of capacity as a public speaker, he can readily obtain opportunity to speak at such meetings in his own ward and elsewhere. But the detail work is more important than oratory. Just as soon as he has demonstrated by detail work that he is in earnest and willing to do other and less attractive things than mere public speaking, his worth and influence will be recognized by his party. As his labor becomes more apparent in results his influence within his party will grow and he will be able, with the coöperation of others of his kind, to keep out of the transactions of his party within his district anything which savors of dishonesty or demagogism. In other words, he can largely help to make the politics of his district so clean and reputable that no man could feel that he was likely to be contaminated or degraded by participating there in the rights and duties of his citizenship.

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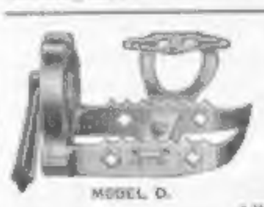

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THE BOOKS OF THE WEEK

Love and Laughter Now and After*

ONLY the best of literary workmanship has raised above mediocrity the stories included in By the Marshes of Minas, the latest work of Professor Charles G. D. Roberts. The themes of the tales are of the highest character. There is no complexity of plot nor of character to attract either the mystery-loving reader or the student of human nature. Yet from beginning to end the book is readable: first, and I think mainly, because of Professor Roberts' beautiful diction; second, because of the picturesqueness of his background; third, because of a certain feeling of sincerity and belief-in-his-work-on-the-part-of-the-author that Professor Roberts has infused into this work; and fourth, because of several attractive young women.

The scenes of these stories, as of The Forge in the Forest and A Sister to Evangeline, Professor Roberts' novels, are laid in Acadie, during the early stages of what is known in American school histories as the French and Indian War. The events depend upon the struggles of the French to regain Acadie, or at least to hold the allegiance of the settlers to France. The constant figure in most of the stories is Father la Garne, the Black Abbé, a character taken doubtless from the celebrated Abbé le Loutre, whose notoriously well-trained Indians shot Captain Howe. He and his Micmac savages are the powers of evil in these short stories as in the longer narratives. Other characters from the novels have small parts to play in the short stories—indeed, By the Marshes of Minas is chiefly made up, as it were, from incidents in the careers of the author's greater characters which did not influence their life histories strongly enough to be worthy of mention in the longer works.

Both land—the "deep bosomed" country, as Professor Roberts has somewhere called it—and characters are particularly suitable as material for romantic stories. Acadie in those times of stress was a rather sparsely settled country where feats of valor or of wit might easily win from men or maidens love at first sight. The heroes are tall and stalwart men of action. The heroines—there is a certain similarity among them—are not only marvelously beautiful and brave, but also quick-witted and alive with coquetry. Their piquancy is one of the chief charms of the book.

But its lasting charm is the charm of workmanship. It is said that the author wrote these tales in a hurry. Neither in their style nor in their construction, however, does a trace of his haste appear. His plots are compactly set forth. His clauses are well ordered, his words have been aptly chosen—yet they are not so striking as to give the effect of artificiality. Moreover words, clauses and sentences follow each other in that indescribable beauty of cadence which is the finishing touch of elegant diction. It is to be found but too rarely in recently written prose. —*Albert White Vorse.*

Miss Wilkins' Short Stories†

MISS WILKINS has broken faith with realism, and entered the ranks of the romanticists. She has abandoned her sad-eyed spinsters, with their shabby gowns and patchwork quilts; she has turned away from the narrow, upright, melancholy life she portrayed with such pitiless exactitude; from trivial incidents, and minute detail, and simple emotions; she has wearied apparently of the "known truth," which is seldom gay, and, in all the fervor of conversion, has plunged deep into pretty but fantastic extravagance.

Of the five stories comprised in this last volume, one is a mere sketch, inserted probably to help fill up the book, and one is a Revolutionary tale, brimful of heroism and adventure. The remaining three are far more important, both in substance and in treatment. They deal with episodes as wildly improbable as those of the Arabian Nights, yet they narrate these episodes with such conscientious fidelity, and with such sober adherence to little facts, that we are well-nigh deceived into believing what we are told. In The Love of Parson Lord, a stern, half-ossified minister openly denies his motherless child the innocent pleasures of her age, even the possession of a rickety old doll given her by a sensible grandmother, while he secretly buys her a splendid new doll and muslin frocks and all the giddy paraphernalia of youth. On the same principle he connives at her meetings with her lover, while refusing his consent to their union, and is only extricated from his difficulties by a trick on the part of the Squire, who naturally fails to understand the situation.

This is improbable enough, but in The Tree of Knowledge we have a middle-aged woman writing anonymous love-letters to a young sister, whose emotions are fed for months on these amorous though dignified epistles. As a result of the deception, the girl takes a gentlemanly highwayman and burglar for her unknown correspondent; and, being singularly innocent, is not even aroused from her delusion by the suspicious circumstance of her supposed lover's making his way into the house at midnight through a parlor window, a method of paying a first call sufficiently unusual to have startled any less guileless young person.

The burglar, however, is, like so many burglars of fiction, well born and well bred. He is touched by the unexpected warmth of his welcome, falls instantly in love with his fair hostess, swears to mend his ways, keeps his word, and in two short years returns with a flourish of trumpets to marry and be happy ever after.

Further than this it would be hard for the spirit of romance to stray. The last story, One Good Time, is the best of the three. It is the Heir of Linne on a small New England scale. A country girl, reared in pinching poverty, inherits fifteen hundred dollars, and spends it all in gewgaws and frippery in six days. Of course we know that Narcissa never would have done anything of the kind; but it is delightful to be told she did, and to realize that Miss Wilkins is a veritist no longer. —*Agnes Repplier.*

GLIMPSES OF NEW BOOKS

PROFESSOR EDWARD KIRK RAWSON, Superintendent of the Naval War Records, has chosen from the great sea fights of the world Twenty Famous Naval Battles—his title—as specially suited both to literary treatment and historical study. In the annals of our own navy, the duels of the Bon Homme Richard and Serapis, the Constitution and the Guerrière, and, sixty years later, of the Kearsarge and Alabama, Professor Rawson, with his sources of information, has been enabled to make peculiarly interesting. *T. Y. Crowell & Co.*

Mr. E. W. Kemble, more than any one else, perhaps, has the faculty of getting into his black and white drawings the warmth of the true darky laugh. Under the title of Coontown's 400 and with appropriate text, he has gathered thirty drawings of the darkest side of social aspiration. Mr. Kemble's humor is always true to itself and to its subject. There is nothing ill-natured about this latest satire—how could there be! *Life Publishing Company.*

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*By the Marshes of Minas. By Charles G. D. Roberts. *Silver, Burdett & Co.*

†The Love of Parson Lord and Other Stories. By Mary E. Wilkins. *Harper & Brothers.*

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The Coming Thaw in Siberia

MR. WILLIAM LE QUEUX is reported to be about to set out on a journey which is sure to result in several books. He is to travel in Siberia along the route of the great Trans-Siberian Railway and has been accorded official permission to visit all penal settlements, mines and prisons in Siberia. Books of fiction and fact are to be written, but it is hoped that Mr. Le Queux will not mix the two carelessly. As a writer of wildly exciting novels he has shown that he possesses an imagination heated enough to make one wonder whether the Russian Government is wise in opening Siberia to such an investigator.

Frankfort Moore's Seventeen Refusals

MR. FRANKFORT MOORE has no sympathy with the young novelist who is discouraged because his second or third book does not bring him fame and fortune. "I published thirty-one books," he says, "before the literary public knew anything about me."

Mr. Moore was a journalist in Belfast, and a hard-working one at that, but he managed to find leisure time to produce in twelve years thirty-one books for boys, rattling tales of adventure of all kinds by land and sea.

Mr. Moore was never discouraged, for he thought he should know quite well when his time came. He finished writing I Forbid the Banns, and, as he was leaving home for his office, one evening, said quietly to his wife that, now the story was completed, he should resign his position that night and they would move to London.

"Is it as good as all that?" asked Mrs. Moore.

"I think so," replied her husband; "you might read it." Shortly after they went to London.

In a few months the novel had been rejected by seventeen London publishing firms. Finally some one was found to try it, and in the first six months Mr. Moore's royalties amounted to £1000.

The Secret of a Successful Interview

MR. MOORE says that he has only seen two interviews with himself which were satisfactory. One was done by Mr. Clarence Rook, author of The Hooligan Nights; the other he wrote himself.

One day there came to him a sad-looking little woman who said that she was quite new to journalism, but that she had got an order for an interview with him. Mr. Moore expressed himself as being willing to submit to the process. But the lady was hesitating, and was apparently competent to interview a mouse, but scarcely any one more important. "Perhaps," Mr. Moore said, "it would be better if I sent you a few notes."

The reporter departed, intensely relieved.

Then Mr. Moore, scenting a joke, sat down and wrote the interview from "As I entered Mr. Frankfort Moore's cheerful study . . . . " to the usual end, and sent it to the bashful reporter. She seemed to catch the humor of the thing. She copied it upon the typewriter and sent it back to Mr. Moore, saying that she inclosed the interview she had written and that she submitted it to him, hoping that he would find nothing in it to offend him. He made a few trifling alterations and sent it back. When it was printed he sent a note to the editor congratulating him upon the interview and saying that he liked it better than any which had ever been done. And the editor replied politely, saying that he had liked it himself, and had been encouraged and pleased to find the little woman could do such good work. But six months later, meeting Mr. Moore, he said: "It's curious, you know, that interview with you is the best thing that woman ever did; it's almost the only good thing. She can't reach it again. You must be a most unusually sympathetic chap to interview."

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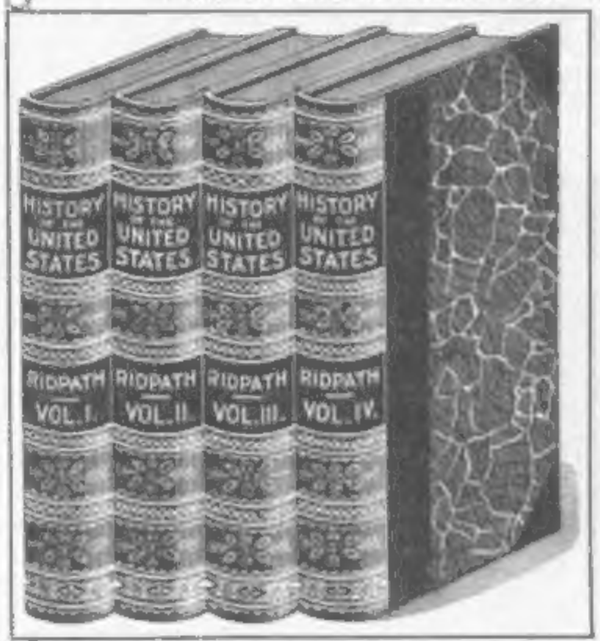

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Tending the meekest of sheep,
Never was African leopardess
Crosser than Little Bo-Peep.
Even apathetic, impassible
People described her as "That
Wayward, contentious, irascible,
Testy, cantankerous brat!"

YET, as she dozed in a grotto-like
Sort of a kind of a nook,
She was so charmingly Watteau-like,
What with her sheep and her crook,
"This is a dryad or nymph," any
Person would probably think.
Poets pronounced her a symphony
All in the palest of pink.

THUS it was not enigmatical
That the young shepherd who first
Found her asleep, in ecstatical
Sighs of felicity burst.
Such was his sudden beatitude
That, as he peeped at her so,
Daphnis gave vent to this platitude:
"My! Ain't she elegant, though!"

ROUSED from some dream of Arcadia,
Little Bo-Peep, with a start,
Answered him, "I ain't afraid o' yer!
P'r'aps you imagine you're smart!"
Then he received such a blow as he
Never entirely forgot.
Weep for a page of sweet poesy
Stained with this horrible blot!

ALL of it's true, every word of it.
I was not present to peep,
But, if you ask how I heard of it,
Please to remember the sheep.
There is no need of excuse. You will
See how such scandals occur.
If you recall Mother Goose, you will
Know what tail-bearers they were.

MORAL: That Daphnis was blamable
Probably you will deny,
Calling Bo-Peep irreclaimable,
Crying reproachfully, "Fie!"
But make a careful inspection if
Thus to conclusions you'd leap:
He *must* have made some reflection, if
She saw a little beau peep!

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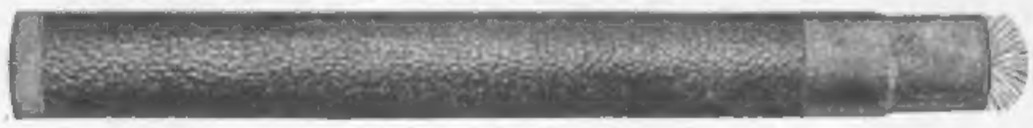

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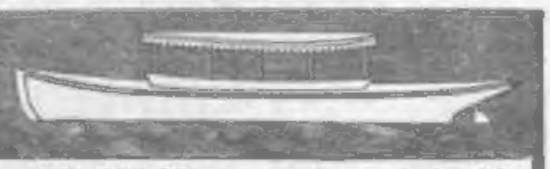

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